

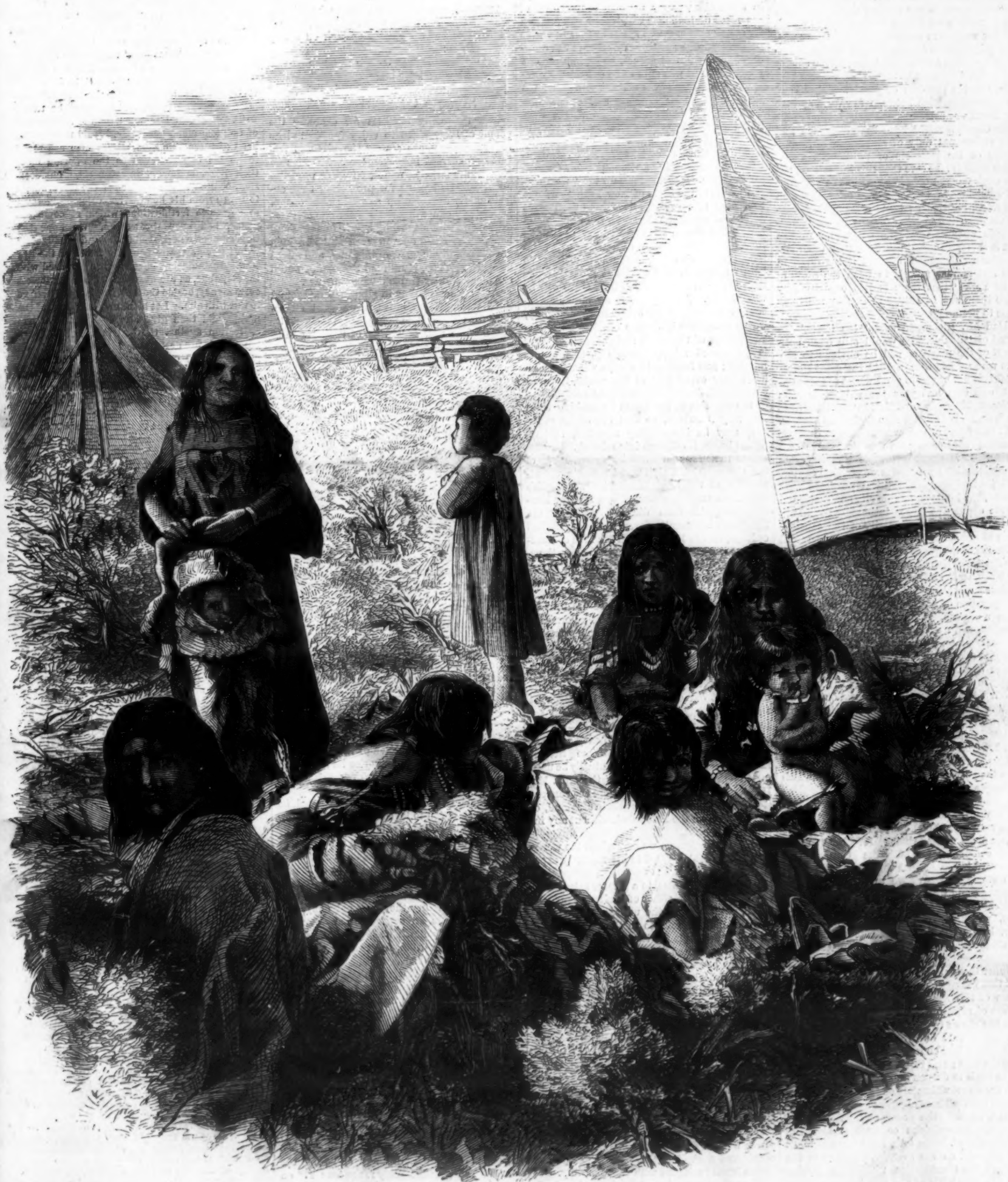
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ON THE PLAINS.—INDIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT THEIR TOILETS.—FROM A PICTURE BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.—SEE PAGE 211.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register them. This notice only applies to Texas.

THE STATE CANALS.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that no measures passed at the last session of the Legislature in Albany had more important bearings on the welfare of our State and city than those relating to reforms in the system on which the State canals are worked and maintained, and it may be rendering good service to such of our readers as are not already familiar with the subject if we state briefly in what those reforms consist, and notice, likewise, the agency by which they were brought about.

When the problem of providing cheap and easy transportation between the West and the seaboard was solved by the construction of the Erie Canal, it might have been supposed that the paramount duty of statesmen, to say nothing of the interests of politicians, would have been to take care that this important public work was not only kept up to the standard of efficiency in which it was originally constructed, but that as trade and population increased, so its capacity for the increasing demands upon it would be enlarged. Yet, so far is this from being the case, that the State Engineer (Richmond) deemed it his duty, in his last annual report, to warn the State of New York "that there is less capacity now than there was in 1849, and double the business to perform."

Had Mr. Richmond said "ten times," instead of "double," he would still have been short of the mark, as will be obvious to any one who reflects that in 1849 the great Northwest had not begun to send wheat to this market, and that last year the shipments from Chicago, Milwaukee and Toledo were 33,637,346 bushels, and of other grains 48,488,810 bushels.

It is no part of our present duty to describe how the canal came into this deplorable condition. It is enough to state that the canal administration became a mere political engine, and that so long as political purposes were served, the interests of this city and State, and of the country at large—intimately bound up, as they are, in the prosperity of the canals—were of secondary importance. In the recent agitation of the question, it seems to have been the determination of all parties to "let bygones be bygones," and, rather than waste time in useless reproaches for the past, strive for the inauguration of a prosperous future.

As a stream, when its natural course is checked, will overflow its banks and seek new channels and distant outlets, and sometimes leave its original bed dry, so the vast products of the West, seeking access to the seaboard in yearly increasing volume, finding the capacity of our State canals—their natural outlet—becoming year by year more contracted, began to flow in other directions.

Canada improved and enlarged its canals and lowered its tolls, and last year Montreal received seven million bushels of wheat more than the year before, the greater part of which was exported to Europe.

Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans by way of St. Louis, clutched eagerly at the prize we were letting slip from our grasp. The former cities pushed their railway lines to Chicago, competing for both the Eastward and Westward traffic, so that this port—with natural advantages far above any others on the continent, and with a system of internal communication, for seven months in the year at least, which, if honestly conducted, could defy, by its cheapness, all competition—saw its trade diminishing, and its supremacy on the wane.

Under these circumstances, it was necessary that three things should be done by the Legislature of this State. First, that the contract system of repairing the canals—which experience has shown to be not only inefficient, but ruinous—should be abolished. Second, that the Canal Board should be empowered to reduce the tolls; and third, that money be raised by the State to deepen and improve the canals, with the object ultimately of still further reducing the tolls. These objects have been accomplished, as far as the power of the Legislature extends. The vicious contract system has been abolished. The tolls have been reduced fifty per cent. on the average. But as to the third, as the Constitution forbids the raising of a new loan without the sanction of a direct vote of the people, all the Legislature could do was to authorize such a loan, the same to

be submitted to the people at the general election of November next. The Constitution pledges the canal revenues to pay the existing canal debt. It is now proposed to pay off that debt at once by a new loan, and at the same time to borrow a sufficient sum to complete the canals according to the original design. It is calculated that the canal tolls, under the improved management, will be more than sufficient to pay the interest on the debt, and to provide a sinking-fund which will extinguish the debt in eighteen years. The question whether such a loan, for such an object, shall be raised by the State, will be submitted to the people next November, and we cannot doubt that, as this is not a political question, but one so intimately concerning the best interests of the State, the affirmative vote will be nearly unanimous.

It may be instructive to notice the source of the popular movement which pressed these important measures upon the Legislature, despite the hostility of vested interests and the growling of disappointed politicians. The newspaper press has been, to say the least, lukewarm in the matter, partly because uninformed of the mass of statistics which could be arrayed for attack on the rotten system the canals were perishing under; and partly because the question had a political aspect, and whatever one paper attacked was sure to be defended by another. But there were statesmen outside the Legislature, and merchants and others who were only too well acquainted with the evils that threatened to choke up the chief artery of our internal commerce, who could not patiently watch the slow but certain process of strangulation without making a vigorous effort for self-preservation. Hence sprang up the "Commercial Union of the State of New York"—a body composed of representatives from the Boards of Trade throughout the State, from the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, and the Citizens' Association of New York. It is intended that this organization be permanent as long as there is any work to be done, and so long as canals exist in this State, there will be work to do. Already it has appointed an executive committee in every town and city, which committee is to take charge of particular sections of the canal, and see that the work is performed fairly, thoroughly, and economically; and further, to ensure constant vigilance over every part of the works, it is, we understand, designed to enlist the co-operation of the captains of the boats by making them honorary members, so that the slightest fissure may be immediately reported, and repaired before it enlarges into a break.

But the first and most important labor of the Commercial Union was to obtain the assistance of the Legislature. To accomplish this, a convention, attended by over four hundred delegates from different parts of the State, and representing every shade of political opinion, met in Rochester on the 19th of January last, and the result of their deliberations, and the conclusions they arrived at, supported by an array of facts and figures as to the totally inefficient nature of the actual canal management, and the impending ruin of the best interests of the State, if an instant reform was not instituted, made so powerful an impression at Albany, that only a faint opposition could be offered to the passage of the acts, the nature of which we have already indicated.

It may therefore be now confidently predicted that our canals will soon become what they were originally intended to be, but, for many years past, they have not been—an efficient mode of transportation of heavy goods at rates so cheap as to defy competition. Steam, instead of horse power, must eventually be used for the propulsion of boats, as the Hon. Mr. Hatch showed in his speech before the convention; it was now used in canals in England, of less depth than the Erie canal, without any injury to the banks.

And, in conclusion, we may adopt the words of the Hon. Elijah Ward in his masterly exposition of this subject:

"The United States, to a greater extent than any other country, either of ancient or modern times, possess alike the unprecedented appliances of modern science to the production of all that is desirable for the material welfare of man, and unlimited natural resources; and no limits can be assigned to our progress, if to a sound and decisive policy on subjects directly financial, commercial, and educational, we add due attention to material advantages obviously within our reach."

THE LATE FENIAN FIASCO.

THE Fenian and fiendish forays against our Canadian neighbors are among the most extraordinary events of our age and country. The effort to liberate Ireland through a conquest of British America, by an undisciplined crowd that had not provisions enough to keep themselves a week from starvation, might well be considered a capital joke, if criminality were not so largely mingled with the absurdity.

The recent repetition of the farce played off, in a similar way, three or four years ago, renders it imperative, now and hereafter, for all

well-disposed people to unite with the Government in denouncing such flagitious schemes. The whole intelligent community may well be shocked with such transactions; and no class feel the mortification more than the discreet Irish-American citizens. This large class of people appreciate too highly the benefit of American institutions, to look patiently on movements that can only result in dishonoring American hospitality, while disgracing the Irish cause, and outraging our peaceable Canadian neighbors—a population contented with the freedom which Great Britain concedes to them in allowing them to govern themselves in their own way, the Mother Country being ready and anxious to recognize their entire political independence whenever they choose to assume its full responsibilities.

The daily journals have given such full details of this last shameful foray, and its ridiculous termination, that it may only be added that, were it not for the tragical features of the case, the whole affair would appear about equally ridiculous with the attack of Don Quixote upon the windmill.

There is one redeeming feature in this Fenian crusade. It was so short-lived, that it reminds one of the quaint epitaph on a very young child:

"Since I was so quickly 'done for,'
I wonder what I was begun for."

SUMMER RECREATION.

THE increasing facilities for enabling the people of large cities to enjoy frequent visits to the country, are among the pleasant features of current improvements. Health and comfort are largely promoted in this way, and all well-devised plans for promoting such objects merit approbation as well as patronage. Hardly any one can return from one of these excursions without feeling better in mind and body. The cities of New York and Brooklyn are abundantly favored in this way, and might be much more so, if railroad companies would run more Sunday trains during summer.

The steamers, plying in all directions around these water-girdled cities, offer great attractions for visiting the many places reachable by water. The new enterprise of the Erie Railway Company—or, of Mr. Fisk, personally—is worthy of special notice in this connection. It will enable our fellow-citizens to enjoy the highest degree of comfort in magnificently arranged steamers, three times each day, each way, between New York and Sandy Hook, in connection with the short railroad from the latter point, extending along the ocean shore to Long Branch.

The matter is mentioned as an example for other parties that have power to promote the health and comfort of their fellow-citizens, by means that will richly repay them for their enterprise. Other attractive points may be reached readily and often by railroads and steamers, and it will be conferring a public benefit, as well as making good-paying investment, for sagacious capitalists to look quickly and closely toward these matters.

Comparatively few can stay long at one time at the Springs or seaside resorts, and hence the peculiar value of arrangements like those for enabling multitudes to take frequent short pleasant excursions down the New York Bay, and along the Atlantic coast, as well as up the Hudson, and through Long Island Sound.

THE INCOME TAX.—It is to be hoped that the "income tax," so unjust and unpopular, will be repealed by the present Congress—or, rather, the recommendation of the Committee of Ways and Means to authorize its imposition for the current year. If, however, this tax, in view of the rapid reduction of the National debt, could be fully collected, there would be no great objection to its continuance for a few years, onerous as it is; but it is admitted even by those who urge its retention, that not one-sixth of the sum on personal incomes, that ought to be, is returned. Members of the House of Representatives are awakening to the desire of the country, and they will presently learn, and with an emphasis of feeling they dare not deny, that their constituents are opposed to any measure which is directly aimed at those who are dependent on fixed salaries. Should, however, Congress unwisely refuse to repeal the tax, it would be politic if it were to adopt the plan, which has been so frequently urged, of a reduction in the rate, and an increase in the amount allowed for exemption.

MAY, 1870.—The weather for this month has been spoken of as somewhat peculiar—having some very hot, and some quite cold days. On the 16th the mercury in the thermometer rose to 83° at 2 P. M., and fell to 70.5° at 9 P. M., and to 57° at 7 A. M. on the 17th; a fall of 26° in 17 hours. On the 11th, at 7 A. M., it was 47°, the lowest point for the month; it only rose 1° on that day, but kept rising till it attained the highest point, showing a range of 36° for the month. The greatest daily range was 17° on the 4th, and the least, 1° on the 11th. The mean temperature for the month was 62.8°, which is 3.625° above the average for the ten

preceding years. The mean of the warmest day was 75.16°; that of the coldest day was 47.5°, a difference of 29.66°. The month of May, in 1863, 1864, and 1865, was warmer, but in the other years, from 1860, it was colder. May, 1867, was more than 9° colder. The highest degree of the barometer was on the 18th, 30.245 inches; the lowest on the 7th, 29.356 inches—a range of .889 inch. There was no sudden or great rise and fall of the mercury. Rain fell on seventeen days, but very light; the whole quantity was 3.08 inches, which is less than in any of the past ten years for May. In May, 1868, more than twice that quantity fell, and in no one May was there less than 4.46 inches. Only two days were entirely clear. There were six thunder-showers—one each on the 10th and 13th, and two on each of the 20th and 21st. Lightning was observed in the evening of the 19th, and a rainbow in the afternoon of the 10th, at the close of the thunder-shower.

THE "LOS" WITH THE GREAT FATHER.—Red Cloud, of the Ogallala, Spotted Tail, of the Brule, and Red Dog, of the Loup Bands of the great Sioux nation of the Plains—the most warlike and stoutest and handsomest of the aboriginal races—are at present at Washington with proffers of peace, but not wholly willing to give away their birthright for a Federal mess of pottage. These Indians are warriors of proved valor, and may not be trifled with. Red Cloud, who is a man of energy and of no little mental capacity, is said to be at the head of three thousand braves who are ready to do his bidding, even to the offering up of their lives, and who, on more than one occasion, compelled the soldiers of the Government to retire from his boundaries, compelling them to dismantle fortifications, which, at some expense, had been thrown up. We hope the Government will deal liberally and intelligently with these delegates from the tribes of the Red Man. Insignificant in strength, compared with the Republic, as the aborigine is, it nevertheless costs money, beside the inconvenience of it, to go to war with him. Let him know the power of the nation, and then give him such assurances of protection against the bad influences that are now gradually destroying him, and we may all rest assured he will not stand in the way of civilization, but accept of its benefits—perhaps not always refusing its evils. Red Cloud and his fellow-chieftains are pronounced by Washington letter-writers, who have visited them, fine specimens of the savage—quite up to the ideal "Lo" the poets have so charmingly prepared for our mental digestion.

RELAPSING FEVER.—Philadelphia seems to be stricken with this peculiar disease. Within one week forty cases were reported in Bedford street, and removed to a hospital. Exposure to the elements, irregular living, combined with intemperate habits and personal uncleanness, were doubtless the originating causes of the malady. It is a wonder we have not this disease in greater prominence than it is in the city of New York. Certainly there is enough to generate it in the low sinks that are in its heart and along its river shores. The metropolis of the United States ought to be—what it is not—the healthiest city on the continent; and it is because Philadelphia, in a sanitary point of view, is not so well situated, but ordinarily has less use for its hospitals—that we have here made mention of this unusual return to its Board of Health. In this connection it may be well to add, that the newspapers of that city complain that its streets are not kept as clean as they formerly were.

SUMMER-COMPLAINT.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

MANY centuries ago, by a kingly command, every son that was born among a whole nation was cast into the river and destroyed. Thus, for a period, but one male child—Moses—was saved to perpetuate the race. Still later, by a few years, "at midnight, the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt," and there was not a house where there was not one dead.

At a subsequent period, King Herod "sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under."

A similar lamentation and weeping arises—not at intervals of centuries, as in the above-mentioned instances, but yearly—from this city. This occurs not in obedience to any tyrannous edict, nor, as we can perceive, by any immediate divine interposition, neither is it owing to any peculiar malarious influence from the soil or climate. Not a quarter of a century ago, this city was sought as a salubrious resort by invalids from the country, desiring a change of air and the refreshing breezes of the ocean.

It is now, however, well known that diseases—more deadly than the pestilence of Egypt, more unsparing than kingly anger—annually sweep off hundreds and thousands of the blossom and beauty of this city and this country.

Summer-complaint, as it is generally known, is intimately connected with teething. By many it is considered identical; but this idea is erroneous. It may, more correctly, be con-

sidered a gastric-fever, as it is a disease of childhood; but, occurring most frequently in connection with dentition, it is greatly modified by this irritation. English writers call this complaint—as they see it—chronic diarrhoea; for in England they have little of that excessive heat which gives an additional intensity, aggravation and fatality, to this class of cases.

It commences at a period coincident with the cutting of a tooth, when the bowels are in a state of sympathetic irritability, and disturbed by some improper article of food which the mother has begun to add to her own inadequate supply of milk. Mothers should remember this, and at such a time recollect that food, ordinarily innocuous, may become indigestible to the debilitated stomach. In addition to these, add a sudden change in the weather—a week's intense heat, or a thermometric fall, as we sometimes see it, of some thirty or forty degrees—and the child is taken with vomiting and purging. The house is alarmed, the doctor is got out of his bed and hurried to the scene.

If this has continued for some time, the appearance of the child is greatly changed. The plump, rosy boy of yesterday is pallid, ghastly, with sunken eyes and cold skin. One can scarcely believe that a few hours can have made such a change. He seems to have lost a quarter of his weight.

If these evacuations have continued for some time, we may presume that all offending material has thereby been removed. We may then give a teaspoonful of the following mixture every hour:

Carbonate of soda..... 2 scruples.
Laudanum..... 10 drops.
Simple syrup..... 1 ounce.
Caraway water..... 1 ounce.
Mix.

If this is rejected by the stomach, it will be best to give an injection, made by mixing four or five drops of laudanum and five grains of bicarbonate of soda in a tablespoonful of thin, warm starch.

It is to be hoped that this treatment will be successful. The vomiting is arrested, but a diarrhoea is very apt to ensue, which is extremely troublesome and exhausting. The passages are green, slimy, and with a sour smell. We arrest this by giving a teaspoonful, every three hours, of the following mixture:

Bicarbonate of bismuth..... 16 grains.
Aromatic chalk powder..... 2 scruples.
Simple syrup..... 1 ounce.
Mucilage of tragacanth..... 1/2 ounce.
Water..... 1 ounce.

And at the same time introducing into the bowels one of the following suppositories after every movement of the bowels:

Pulvis opii..... 6 grains.
Soda bicarb..... 2 scruples.
Butir. cacao..... 2 scruples.
Mix and divide into 12 suppositories.

Suppositories are generally very badly made by the introduction of wax and other injurious ingredients to facilitate their manipulation. I never prescribe them unless they are compounded by my own druggist, or by some one whom I am personally convinced makes them correctly.

I will not attempt to follow out the treatment. I will say, however, that I do not often find calomel requisite for the treatment of this complaint. Sometimes, indeed, it is absolutely necessary; then I give it, but it is always with great hesitancy, for it is very apt to have permanently injurious results.

The food is very important in these cases. Nothing is so good as the breast of a healthy mother. If this is wanting, the cow's milk comes next, as spoken of in a previous article. The juices from a piece of roast beef or mutton are beneficial. If stimulants are needed—and they are, if the "soft spot" on the top of the head sinks in—then beat up the white of an egg, add a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of brandy, sugar, and a few grains of nutmeg, and give half in the forenoon and the remainder in the afternoon to the child. Drop the yolk into some boiling water, and feed this to him, with a little salt.

If he still gets worse, try the modern French diet of raw meat, as recommended by the renowned Professor Trousseau, stopping all other food. A piece of raw mutton or rump steak is to be freed from gristle and fat, finely minced, and pounded in a mortar until reduced to a pulp. This is to be strained through a fine sieve or cloth to remove the blood-vessels and cellular tissue.

Of the meat thus prepared, a teaspoonful is to be given at regular intervals four times a day, and every day the quantity is to be gradually increased, until half a pound a day is thus taken. During this treatment, no other food of any kind must be allowed, and no fluid but thin barley water, or a drink made by mixing the unboiled whites of three eggs in a pint of water, sweetening it, and flavoring it with orange water.

This diet usually causes the motions to have an intensely offensive smell, but this is of no consequence. The little patients often like the food, and take it eagerly. If, however, it proves repugnant to them, it may be sweetened with white sugar, or it may be given in a little veal broth.

While under this treatment, the only medicine required is the preparation, with bismuth, above given—with the addition, perhaps, of one drop of laudanum to each dose.

For the first few days the passages are horribly offensive, but the treatment must be followed up for a prolonged period till this entirely ceases. When there is marked improvement, some tonic will probably be required, and the following will be found very useful:

Liquid per-nitrate of iron..... 1/2 drachm.
Diluted nitric acid..... 1/2 drachm.
Syrup of ginger..... 1 ounce.
Anise water..... 3 ounces.
Mix, and give one or two teaspoonfuls every six hours.

Citrate of iron and quinine, or cod-liver oil, may be found necessary at an after period.

I have only endeavored to outline this treatment, which has some novel features, in order to bring its leading peculiarities more distinctly before the community, and those of the profession less "up" in the novelties of the day.

AN INDIAN TOILET.

AN overland traveler, who makes, for the first time, a journey beyond the Mississippi, rarely fails to be interested in the Indians. If he has formed his ideas of the noble Red Man from a perusal of Fenimore Cooper's novels, he will be doomed to disappointment on seeing the gentle savage of the Plains and the Rocky Mountains. The Indian of the Period is not a charming creature in morals, manners or habits, and the combined efforts of soldiers and missionaries have not resulted in making an angel of him. He looks upon stealing as a fine art, and begging as an accomplishment; and as for his daily habits, they are none of the neatest. He has no regular hours for his meals, and he makes no distinction between morning and evening dress. The tent which shelters him rarely knows the luxury of being swept, and his clothes are not washed until they are thrown away, and have the rains upon them. The Indians are nomadic, and refuse to dwell in houses; tents of buffalo-skin are their habitations, unless they can procure canvas ones from their white neighbors, but even then they show a preference for those of their own make. Hunting, begging, and receiving annuities, are their ways of making a livelihood, which is always more or less precarious.

Our illustration represents the toilet of a family party of Indians near the Pacific Railway. The gentlemen of the household have gone to the aboriginal Wall street or Maiden Lane, leaving the ladies to dress themselves and the children for breakfast. Water is not always attainable on the Plains, and when the supply is limited or altogether cut off, a substitute is found in grass or sand. But when water is convenient, the Indian toilet is not considered complete without it; the children come in for a greater share of it than their parents, as the latter wash themselves only at rare intervals. No fastidiousness or simulated modesty is exhibited at these toilets, and each aboriginal matron strips her darlings without regard to visitors or weather. Soap is not in favor with the Indians, and combs have not attained a high degree of popularity. But looking-glasses are at a premium, and one who will present a genuine savage of the Plains with a well-shaped hand-mirror can make him a friend forever—or until some one else bestows a greater gift.

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFTING THE VEIL. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This little work, not unlike in its views, and probably suggested by Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar," aims to throw light on the nature of the future life.

WONDERS OF THE HUMAN BODY. From the French of A. LE PILLEUR.

WONDERS OF ARCHITECTURE. From the French of Lefevre.

Both belong to "Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders." The former is a popularly written anatomical work, fully illustrated. The latter treats of Asiatic, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Italian, French, and English architecture. Sixty engravings illustrate the various styles and their modifications.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLDT: "Hammer and Anvil," a novel, from the German of Friedrich Spielhagen.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.: Vols. IX. and X. of "Froude's History of England."

From T. B. PETERSON & Bros.: "The Young Wife's Cook Book," "The Christmas Guest," "Marriage in High Life," and "Consuelo."

From GEORGE MACLEAN: "The Physical Life of Woman."

From L. PRANG & Co.: "Four Chromo-lithographs representing Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, after James M. Hart—from scenes near Cayuga Lake, Stockbridge, Mass., Farmington, Conn., and New Russia, N. Y."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The "Sea Messenger."

The little vessel, represented in our illustration has been invented by Mr. J. A. R. Vandenberg, of Portsmouth, England, is to be freighted with letters and papers belonging to a ship in danger of foundering at sea, or in any danger of being wrecked. It will, in such a case, serve as the best vehicle for the preservation of records and important documents, and, in all probability, for their conveyance, by favoring winds and tides, to some near or distant shore. It is certainly much better than the ordinary glass bottle, which may be fractured by any floating spar or fragment of wreck, or may be dashed to pieces by the waves casting it upon a rocky coast. The late cruel and disgraceful attempt, of some persons unknown, to hoax the public with a forged message from the unfortunate City of Boston, suggests another reason for the employment of a special floating conveyance for this purpose. If the City of Boston, or any ship that is missing, were known to be furnished with several of these contrivances, nobody could be deceived for a moment by the silly and wicked trick of putting a written scrap of paper into a bottle, and casting it into the sea with an infowing tide. The water-tight and air-tight metallic hull of the Sea Messenger, with its extreme buoyancy, will ride in safety through the most violent storms, and it has capacity to hold not only the ship's papers, records of the voyage, lists of the passengers and crew, and a brief report of the disaster, specifying the latitude and longitude, and time of its occurrence, but letters from those on board to their friends, wills, or drafts for money, or bills of exchange, or any other papers affecting their private interests. In case of a steamer being merely disabled, and drifting helplessly away, the Sea Messenger, if thrown out and soon picked up by another ship, would perhaps direct assistance to proceed along the track where it was required. A vessel on a reef of rocks, or entangled and landlocked, not far from shore,

might even be able to send, by this diminutive tender, a line of light cord to the people on land, who could then help the distressed crew with a rope. Other uses of this contrivance will become obvious with its more frequent trial in practice at sea.

Opening of the New London University Buildings.

On the 11th of May these new buildings were formally opened by the Queen of England in person. Her majesty entered the theatre of the university at a little past noon, and advancing to the dais on which had been placed a temporary throne, having the Prince of Wales on her right, and the Princess of Wales and Princess Louise on her left, listened to an address read by Lord Granville, who was attired in his official robes as Chancellor of the University. At the conclusion of the address, the queen handed him a written reply, and then, in a distinct voice, said, "I declare this building to be open." The trumpeters then blew a call, and the company, composed of learned men, broke out into cheers for the queen, and for the Princess of Wales. The queen, while the cheers were ringing, holding the Princess Alexandra by the hand, quietly retired. The London University is peculiar in its character. Unlike the older academic schools in England, it gives no instruction, but it confers degrees. Scholars can apply to the faculty, and on being rigidly examined in the instructions they have obtained elsewhere, confer upon them, if found worthy, the highest marks of learning. The engravings represent the arrival of the queen at the entrance to the new building of the London University; and the scene in the theatre thereof, where, at the close of the Chancellor's address, she formally opened the new institution.

The New Inner Temple Hall, London.

On the 14th of May, the new Inner Temple Hall, London, was formally opened, the Princess Louise representing the queen. Her royal highness, (remarks the London Graphic), was received by the Benchers of the Inner Temple and the lady invited for the occasion. The legal magnates were, of course, in state-dress, full-bottomed wigs, silk gowns, robes, silk stockings, etc., nor, while we are on the subject of dress, must we omit to mention that the princess wore blue silk, trimmed with white lace. The princess, on alighting, passed through the hall to the library, where an address was read and presented, to which her royal highness replied in suitable terms, expressing the pleasure she experienced in meeting the Bar of England on the occasion. Prince Christian was then admitted as a Bencher of the Inner Temple, and the royal party returned to the Hall, where luncheon was served, the treasurer proposing the toast of the queen, the Princess Louise, and Prince Christian. The prince, in acknowledging the two latter, thanked the Benchers for the honor they had conferred upon him in admitting him to their number, and proposed "Prosperity to the Society of the Inner Temple." The princess then declared the Hall open, and the ceremony was over.

A Funeral Procession in the Hills of Connemara, Ireland.

The special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, at present traveling in Ireland—and of the manners and customs of its people, and views of its scenery, he has been very successful in presenting graphic pencilings to its readers—while passing through the Man Sack Mountains of Connemara, met a rustic funeral procession, which he sketched. "The procession," he writes, "consisted mostly of women and girls. The chief mourner sat in the cart, beside the coffin, which was simply a rough deal box, wrapped about with a white sheet, to signify that the corpse was that of a youth—the plain wood being left uncovered at both ends. They had a journey of eight Irish miles before them to the place of interment. The dress of the men of this mountain district is like that of the Western Highlanders of Scotland, in their rough gray tweed and Kilmarnock bonnets. The women cover their heads and shoulders with a square piece of white flannel, which is used, like the Scottish plaid, for other purposes—as a coverlet when sleeping, or to carry a burden or a child in."

France.—The Plebiscite Scene Before the Napoleon Barracks, Paris.

We illustrate, this week, two incidents of the recent plebiscitary excitement at Paris. Mindful of the unfortunate precedents of Parisian political agitations, the police authorities brought a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, into the city, and stationed them in points most likely to be the scenes of trouble, with strict orders to repress any symptoms of riot. Our engraving represents the soldiers in the Napoleon Barracks throwing out printed slips of paper, with the results of the voting on them, to the excited throng below.

France.—The Plebiscite—Artillery Corps Stationed in the Court of the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, Paris.

It was anticipated that the rioters would make a stand in this quarter, and barricade the streets; and the artillery was stationed here, as it afforded the most convenient position for sweeping the entire square with grapeshot, and of sheltering them from any retaliatory measures on the part of the rioters. Very little excitement prevailed in this quarter, however, and no movement of the artillery was necessary. Our engraving represents the scene inside the court of the Conservatory.

The Barricade in the Faubourg du Temple, Paris.

The engraving represents one of the barricades that were formed in the Faubourg du Temple during the rioting which followed the Plebiscite at Paris in the earlier days of May; and (says the *Illustrated London News*) although it presented a somewhat formidable appearance, no attempt whatever was made to defend it. It would be difficult to imagine anything more ludicrous than the construction of a barricade by the *canaille* of the present generation. The horses of any vehicles that happen to pass that way are coolly unharnessed by a dozen disreputable individuals, and the coachman, seeing that it would be folly to resist, lead them into a by street. The vehicles are then wheeled into the middle of the road and upset, paving-stones are torn up and piled in a heap between them, and building materials, and, in fact, any kind of rubbish, is thrown on the top. Then, as soon as the cocked hat of a sergent-de-ville is perceived in the distance, the mob scampers off at full speed down the side streets, those who are unfamiliar with the quarter being usually the ones who are captured.

Kossuth is giving lessons in foreign languages at Turin, in order to make a living. He steadily refuses to accept any presents at the hands of his friends.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAMILLO URSO is going to Paris.

MR. KENNEDY, the Scotch vocalist, is giving entertainments in London.

JOHN BROUGHAM has been filling an engagement at the Philadelphia Arch.

MISS KATE BATEMAN is announced to appear shortly at the Olympic Theatre, London.

BLIND TOM is making a professional tour of the South and Far West, which will close on the 29th inst.

GENERAL TOM THUMB and suite have been giving entertainments in the suburbs of Melbourne, Australia.

LISZT has arrived in Weimar, where he will assist in the model performances of Wagner's operas, to take place this month.

MR. JEFFERSON presents his inimitable "Rip Van Winkle" to the Philadelphians, for two weeks, at the Walnut Street Theatre.

A NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, for teaching sacred and secular music, is to be established at Quito, the capital of Ecuador.

THE Lydia Thompson Troupe are to start from this city for California, to open at Barrett and McCullough's California Theatre.

MISS AGNES ETHEL, the favorite of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, presented "Frou Frou" at Hartford, Conn., on the 24th ult.

A DRAMATIC version, by Mr. Charles Reade, of his story of "Put Yourself in His Place," will be produced in London, at the Adelphi Theatre.

MR. CHANFRAU has been giving Chicago a view of "The Streets of New York," and in his character of Tom Badger, appeared to good advantage.

MARIETTA RAVEL, with her company, was in Bellefontaine, Ohio, on the 26th ult. She appeared as the French Spy, and met with a warm reception.

THE London authorities refuse permission for bands to play in the parks on Sundays, unless they pledge themselves to perform no dance music.

VERDI is still in Paris. The maestro has two or three operas in project. He is busy criticising the talents of Parisian singers in view of future casts.

MISS MILLY PALMER, the wife of Herr Bandman, has made her first appearance in Sydney, Australia, where she has played Juliet and kindred parts.

A SEASON of French opera has commenced in Madrid, under the direction of Senor Las Rivas. M. Thomas's "Mignon" is announced for early performance.

ROBERT FOX, an old theatrical manager of Philadelphia, has bought the Academy of Fine Arts, on Chestnut street, and will have a new \$200,000 theatre in place of it by October.

CARUCROSS & DIXEY's Minstrels, the favorite troupe of Philadelphia, have met with liberal patronage during the past season, as indeed they always have, owing to their spirited and attractive performances.

IN Baltimore, the dramatic season at the Holiday Street Theatre was brought to a close on the 21st ult., with the farewell performance of the Wilmore Burlesque Troupe, the bill for the night being the melodrama of the "Water Witches."

AFTER enjoying a remarkably successful run of five weeks, at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, "The Lancashire Lass" has been withdrawn in place of "The Home Wreck" and the extravaganza of "The Military Billy Taylor."

THE sparkling little Lotta closed an engagement—here are always successful—at Boston, on the 28th ult. Her new play, "Heart's Ease," was the attraction for the last nights, and in the first act her singing and banjo solos were warmly applauded.

AT Aiken's Museum, Chicago, the manager's adaptation of Sardou's "Fernand" was produced May 23d, before an immense audience. The cast was strong, the scenery and costumes rich and appropriate, and the play ran with remarkable enthusiasm, for a first presentation.

"POCAHONTAS," Mr. Brougham's best burlesque, has been re-written by that gentleman for the Lydia Thompson troupe, and is to be called "La Belle Sauvage." It is probable that it will be produced before the troupe close in New York, with Lydia Thompson as Pocahontas.

MISS MARY VACHE, one of the chorus singers of the Richings English Opera Troupe, died in Charleston, S. C., on May 14th, after an illness of three weeks, contracted while with the troupe during their recent visit to that city. She was twenty-three years of age, and a great favorite among her associates.

AT Munich, recently, the Royal Theater was to play Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." Everything was ready for the performance, when an order came from the King: "Let every knight who appears in the 'Maid of Orleans' wear no beard." It was the King's theatre, and as he pays the actors, there was no help for it; all the actors had to submit to the razor.

A COUPLE of shrewd French dramatists—one of them a son of Jules Janin—are making a play called "Les Jolies Femmes de Paris." The expectation is to draw all the ladies of Paris, each going with the expectation of seeing herself delineated in the piece. It has even been suggested that the management might make a fortune by establishing a separate entrance, for pretty women only, price forty francs.

AT the Grand Opera House, New York, a new and pleasing feature has been added to the "Twelve Temptations," in the form of a prismatic fountain, which throws its various-colored waters high in the air. This spectacular drama affords delight to every kind of theatre-goer, for those who like gorgeous pageantry will find the marches and processions equal to anything of the kind witnessed in a long time. The costumes are of the richest description, while the mechanical effects are models of stage contrivances.

"THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK" is the title of a local drama by Albert W. Aiken, produced at Wood's Museum on May 23d, and which held the boards all the week. It is in five acts, and is thoroughly sensational, introducing all the features of the minstrel and variety hall, and shows up, in glowing colors, fast life in New York, as well as its darkest phases. The scenery was not only realistic, but well executed. Park Row and Printing House Square, the double rooms in scene third, act first, and the finale of the first act, with the old rookery on fire, were particularly good, and received round after round of applause. The library scene in act second, and the new City Hall, were also clever productions. In act four, we have a capital view of the Metropolitan Hotel corridor; also a vivid picture of a gambling-room, in which the lovers of faro, roulette, poker, and keno are hard at work and in their glory. This act ends with a descent of the "Charles" on the house. The fifth and last act brings out happiness, justice is meted out to the villains, and all ends well. Albert Aiken, as the representative of a "Tombs Syster," was very good; also as the detective, an Indian, and an English tourist. He assumed the rôle with judgment, and showed that he is possessed of considerable dramatic ability.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 211.



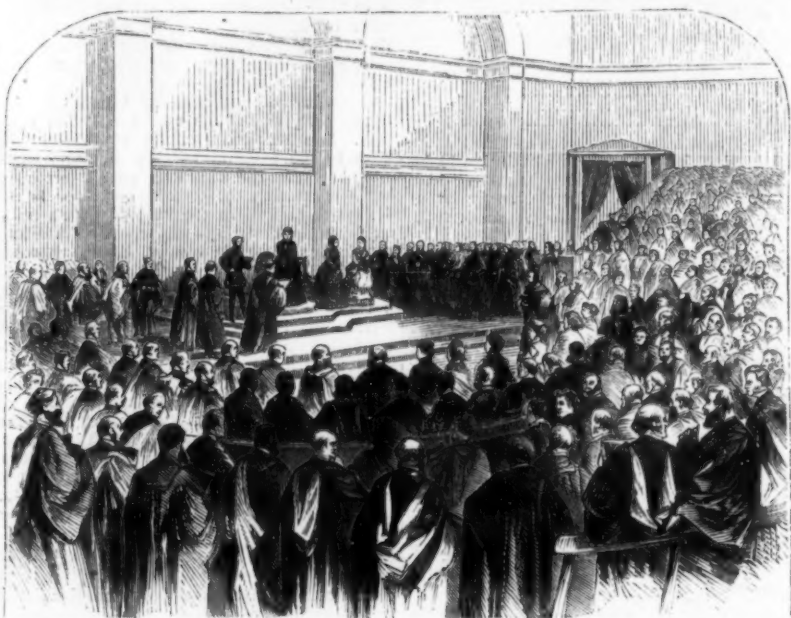
ENGLAND.—THE "SEA MESSENGER," A NEW AIR-TIGHT CONTRIVANCE FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF LETTERS AND VALUABLE PROPERTY FROM SHIPS AT SEA AND IN PERIL.



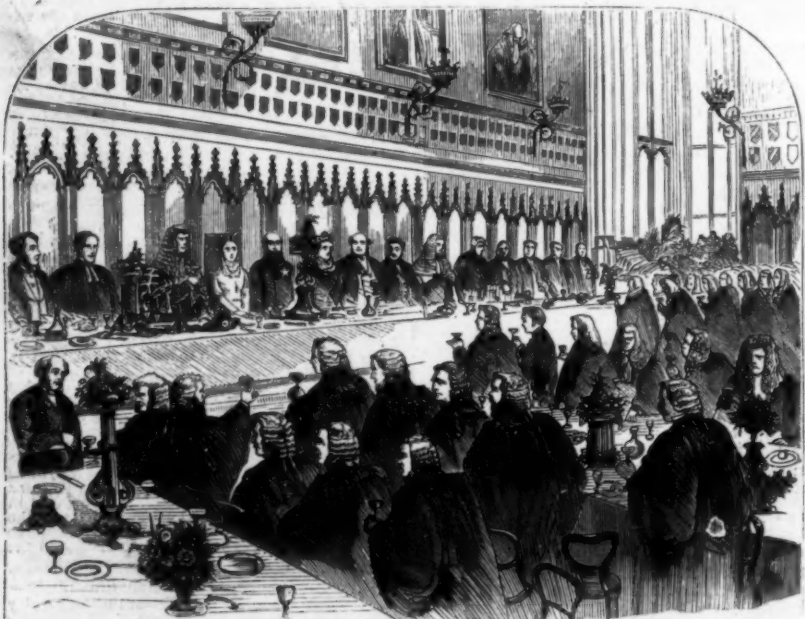
IRELAND.—A FUNERAL PROCESSION, PRINCIPALLY COMPOSED OF WOMEN AND GIRLS, IN THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.



ENGLAND.—ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AT THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE LONDON UNIVERSITY, LONDON, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



ENGLAND.—THE QUEEN IN THE THEATRE OF THE LONDON UNIVERSITY, RECEIVING THE ADDRESS OF THE CHANCELLOR, AND FORMALLY OPENING THE BUILDING.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCESS LOUISA, AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE QUEEN, AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE, LONDON.—THE PRINCESS PARTAKES OF LUNCHEON.



FRANCE.—BARRICADE THROWN UP IN THE FAUBOURG DU TEMPLE, PARIS, IN THE NIGHT OF THE 8TH OF MAY, ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE VOTE OF THE PEOPLE.



FRANCE.—THE FLERISICITE-SOLDIERS, IN BARRACKS, THROWING SLIPS OF PAPER, CONTAINING RETURNS OF THE MILITARY VOTE, TO THE PEOPLE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS, MAY 8.



FRANCE.—THE FLERISICITE—THE ARTILLERY PARKED, AND THE SOLDIERS DIVOUCED, IN THE COURT OF THE CONSERVATORY OF ARTS AND TRADES, PARIS, MAY 8.



NEW YORK CITY.—HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIPPLED AND RUPTURED, ON THE CORNER OF LEXINGTON AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET.

THE ASYLUM FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED.

THE asylum recently completed by the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, on the corner of Forty-second street and Lexington avenue, is, without doubt, the most novel, in style and general arrangement, of our charitable institutions. The ground plan consists of a central parallelogram—one hundred and fifteen by forty-five feet—to which are attached semicircular wings, each having a radius of twenty-two feet. The superstructure is of brick, tastefully interspersed with stones of dissimilar color on the sills and lintels, and is seventy-nine feet in height. Every department is supplied with hot and cold water, and in the main hall, on each floor, are appliances for furnishing cool water for drinking purposes, drawn from tin pipes passing through refrigerators of ice. In the second story are large, well-lighted and cheerful halls, used as the dormitory for the patients and attendants. The ceiling is eighteen feet high, and the floor, of narrow strips of beechwood, is divided into three longitudinal sections, each fifteen feet in width. The wall sections are enclosed by panel-work three feet high, and within the inclosure thus formed are placed the beds. The central section is a clear space, in which the patients eat, study, and enjoy moderate exercise. Owing to the shape of the wings, there is no interruption in the passage of air or light through these apartments, and by the arrangement of the ventilation in the dormitory, together with the low panel-work dividing the space, a degree of temperature is maintained which prevents exposure to dampness and excessive heat.

In the wings are bathing and water-closet accommodations of a superior order, and we were particularly pleased to notice the entire absence of the offensive odor common to such places.

The fourth story is denominated the "Kinder Garten," the entire floor being devoted to the use of convalescent patients. Every effort is made to encourage moderate physical exercise, and no more healthy, retired, and charming place can be found in the city. This story is eighteen feet high, and is inclosed by windows elevated two and a half feet from the floor. The roof takes the form of domes, which are in tasteful keeping with the attractive style of architecture followed. The central dome covers the main halls of the building, the eastern and western portions, as well as the wings are surmounted by smaller domes of similar construction.

The society having charge of this most worthy charity, has carried on its labors in a quiet, unassuming manner, answering thousands of demands for assistance from a class of sufferers for whom no special relief was heretofore offered. During its short life it has expended, on an average, \$10,000 per year, all coming from the private friends of the enterprise.

There are now about forty inmates of the institution, between the ages of four and fourteen years, suffering from ruptures, paralytic strokes, diseases of the spine, and other affections influencing the motion of the limbs. Besides these, relief is daily afforded to about seventy-five outdoor patients, who are supplied with trusses, stockings for the alleviation of varicose veins, and other surgical appliances, free of charge.

Several rooms are devoted to the manufacture and repair of trusses, etc., several skillful workmen being kept busily engaged.

Thus far, the institution has received no support from the State, and its success being due entirely to the liberality of the public, reflects much credit upon our benevolent citizens.

Dr. James Knight, an accomplished surgeon, has general charge over the institution, and his enthusiasm in the humane work shows the fitness of his appointment.

HON. JAMES W. BARKER.

THE sudden death of this distinguished citizen, following immediately that of Henry J. Raymond, from a condition of apparently good health, startled the community by its announce-

ment, and caused many an active business man, and those moving in religious circles, to pause in mid-career, and reflect upon the uncertainty of life.

The deceased was born at White Plains, Westchester County, December 5th, 1815, and at the time of his death was in the fifty-fourth year of his age. His parents were both devoted members of the Methodist Church, to which denomination their son attached himself at the early age of fifteen, remaining a steadfast, active and influential layman and officer of the Church, enjoying the confidence and friendship of nearly all of its most prominent officers, preachers and prelates, to the time of his death.

He was distinguished for his unobtrusive kindness to the poor, and for his liberality in the

support of the various benevolent institutions and enterprises initiated by his Church. Many a destitute family, struggling for a livelihood, will miss his genial smile, kindly voice, and generously open hand.

Mr. Barker evinced great aptitude for business, and early in life became widely known as a merchant, and at the time of his death he had achieved a handsome fortune. The deceased, for a number of years, was an active and influential member of the old Fire Department. He was also an earnest politician. He was the head of the "New York Grand Council" of the American Order in 1853, at which time it had ramifications throughout all parts of the United States. The most prominent measures of the Legislature of 1854 were inspired or directed by him. A year later Mr. Barker was candidate for Mayor of New York, but the canvassers returned Fernando Wood as elected. The correctness of this canvass was always disputed by Mr. Barker and his friends, who claimed that Mr. Barker was elected by a majority of nearly two thousand votes. In 1860 he united with the supporters of Mr. Lincoln, and was always afterward an active and zealous Republican. About a year before his death, Mr. Barker was elected President of the Eclectic Life Insurance Company of this city, a position he held at the time of his death. Among his latest enterprises was the establishment of the Central Park carriage service. The portrait which we give is from a photograph, the most satisfactory ever taken of him, and admirably represents the best expression of his features. Mr. Barker was a model of manly physical organization, and his manners and bearing were more uniformly genial and gracious than we ever saw united in any single person actively engaged in business affairs. In these respects he left a shining example to the young business men of our city.

THE FENIAN RAID.

THE movement on St. Armand, Canada, lying next north of Franklin, Vermont, on the Canadian line, was made from the Fenian camp at Hubbard's Farm, one mile beyond Franklin, on Wednesday afternoon, May, 25. The line was formed by General O'Neill in person, and consisted of nearly two hundred men. It is marked by a small bridge at a place called Richard's Farm, in a valley, with hills of a peculiar shape rising on each side. The road was narrow, and down to the bridge the troops marched in column four deep. The instant the line was crossed a deadly volley was poured into their column by the Canadian volunteers, who were strongly entrenched on a hill directly in front, commanding the road. Two men fell dead, and three were wounded. The firing was returned, and at the second discharge from the enemy the column broke. An order was given to take position on a hill to the right. This was done, under a galling fire, by about two-thirds of the forces engaged, the rest seeking what shelter they could find behind barns and wood-piles. Colonel J. J. Donnelly, of Utica, N. Y., with a dozen men took refuge in a barn, and afterward behind a brick house shown in the picture. On making their escape from this position Colonel Donnelly was slightly wounded, and five of his men injured. Another was shot in the orchard in the rear of the house. After the fight the wounded were recovered and taken to a small



THE LATE JAMES W. BARKER.

hotel known as the Franklin House. Here those who cannot be moved yet remain.

No. 1 gives a general view of the battleground. The road leading up the hill runs from Franklin to Cook's Corners, north and south, and crosses the line between the two countries, just below the large house with the barn, seen in the centre of the picture. On this road the Fenians came from Franklin. The Canadians are seen upon the hill to the right. Before them, and on the brow of the hill, which is precipitous, is a natural breastwork of rocks, behind which twenty men could have defied a thousand.

The hill to the left, above the orchard, was where the Fenians made their stand after leaving the road, and before their retreat.

Sketch No. 2 was taken from the Canadian camp, and gives a view of the position occupied by the Fenians after being fired upon. The figures lying in the road and ditch indicate the exact position of those who were killed. The one lying across the road was John Rowe, of Burlington. A flag of truce was sent, after the fight, asking leave to bury the body; but the Colonel of the Volunteers refused it. He was afterward dragged by his hair up the long road to the Canadian camp by a brutal citizen, a shallow hole dug, and a huge pile of stones heaped over the grave. The act has created a good deal of indignation, even among the cooler-headed Canadians. The Fenians look upon him as their first martyr.

Sketch 4 gives a view of the Franklin House, used as headquarters and hospital for the wounded.

YOUNG AND OLD.

The ripple of youthful laughter,
Down through the shadows' gloom,
Is wafted over the threshold,
And into my silent room.

There is mirth in the hearts of the maidens,
Like a cup whose crystal tide
Has filled it to overflowing,
And it drippeth adown the side.

And I weep, as I hear the voices.
My God! I am young as they.
My brow has never a furrow,
And never a lock that's gray.
But the heart that lies in my bosom
Is aged before its time,
And the maiden's gleesome laughter
Sounds like a long lost chime.

Oh, why has my youth departed,
When its years are not half gone?
Why have I found the evening,
Ere the noon of life came on?
Why are my young life's chambers
With the curtains of darkness hung?
Why have I the heart of the aged,
When my face is the face of the young?

Oh God! for the old-time lightness;
For the thoughtless, careless glee
That vanished into the shadows,
And cometh never to me.
Perchance I am nearer heaven;
Perhaps they are more of earth,
But I weep, as I hear the maidens,
That I cannot share their mirth.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SPECIAL AUDIENCE—UNDER THE SKIN—A TENDER LIGHT—LOVE AS IT IS—WAITING—A LITTLE INTELLIGENCE—ANOTHER ACTOR—A GRACELESS CHILD—THE MOTHER OF ALL RUSSIA—JUSTICE DEMANDED FROM THE TZARINA.

It would be all but impossible to give a tangible shape to the savage fury of wrath and anguish, which had so unexpectedly seized upon the mind of Henri de Chateaupers. From the very first moment in which he had discovered that Fiodorowna and his son had not returned to their apartments in the Kremlin, he had recognized one fact only apart from his own anger. This fact was, that their absence must be, in some shape or other, the work of Paul Dimitry.

He no longer mocked at himself for having believed in the subtle strength and cunning of the bold—although, it might be, physically cowardly—nature of that savage man, who, from the very first, had been his enemy.

It was, therefore, with a passionate astuteness, that he had set himself to discover the trail of the missing ones.

These were his wife, her Aunt Ismalla, and the boy—his boy—with Guillaume.

The former Moujik of Wolinski, who had for so many years been known as Nicholas Orloff, was, of course, pressed into the service.

Ivan had last seen her.

Perhaps the fugitive serf might have proved unwilling to assist in the quest—divining, as he had done, from the words which were dropped to him, that the present Boyard Dimitry was supposed to be the principal agent in her absence.

However, the look of the captain of the guard, in the gateway of the Kremlin, upon hearing his former name from the French gentleman, would have proved a quickener to his instinctive fellowship in feeling with her he had known as a girl—on the score of the necessity he felt for securing a powerful friend in her husband—had there been no other. A lively pecuniary feeling, also, was active in his mind. From her words, he had acquired the hope that Monsieur de Chateaupers might prove the means of securing for him his freedom, without that freedom costing him one single kopeck from his own earnings.

Nor, indeed, keenly as this blow had stricken the French noble, did he feel altogether without support in his fierce trouble.

As angrily, although in a different fashion, and, necessarily, with a less personal feeling, was it resented by the French ambassador. However laxly framed his friendship may have been with regard to his secretary, this was a case which compromised not alone his own personal dignity, but that of the nation whom he belonged to, and whose grandeur he represented. If it humiliated this, it struck that under the fifth rib. He had, consequently, no sooner heard of the strange fact from Monsieur de Chateaupers, than he had imperatively demanded a special audience from the Tzarina for that gentleman and himself.

It is highly probable, that at this time, it would have been refused, even to the representative of the French monarch, had it not been that ill news generally travels rapidly. Or, perhaps, had it not been for former memories connected with the count, during his first visit to Russia, it might not, even with this knowledge, have been accorded.

It, however, had been.

Who shall say what were the feelings under the skin of the Tzarina's imperial bearing, as she listened to Richelleu, and while doing so, gazed steadily on the set eyes and rigid lips of the man who stood beside him, and had once fancied he loved her? All this had long been passed. Her young ambition had pushed the dream, with all its possibilities, aside from her life. Yet, although it had done so, her full gray eyes, in spite of their added years, had a tender light in them, as she listened courteously and attentively to the ambassador.

"And whom may you suspect—Monsieur?" she asked, addressing the French count.

"The son of the Boyard Dimitry—Mother of Russia?"

Those gray eyes flashed with a sudden fire.

She remembered all. At a time when politics had been with her a forbidden game—long before the empire had become a visible possibility to her—when she may have dreamt, and feared, and regretted, as other maidens did and do, she had heard the tale. She knew how that troubled gentleman before her had won his wife from Ivan Dimitry—how Paul had attempted his life, and how, Pariah-like, he had been chased from his sire's presence.

For a moment, she reflected. Then, she again spoke.

"This cannot be—Monsieur de Chateaupers! Paul Dimitry would not dare attempt such a thing while the old Boyard is alive."

"A few days since, I believe that he was on the bed of death."

The Count Souminé—a near relative of the new Minister—who chanced to be in attendance on the Tzarina, stepped forward and said: "If I may speak, I would inform your Majesty, that Ivan Dimitry has now been dead, some ten days."

"How do you know this—Count?"

"Sapichy Dolgorouki arrived in Moscow—for the purpose of attending the august ceremonial of the Coronation of your Majesty, upon the morrow—barely some hour and a half, since."

"Have you seen him?"

"He sent the intelligence to my cousin."

"Count!" said the Tzarina, with a sharp accent of reproof—"it would seem that your cousin keeps you well posted on such matters."

Yacob Souminé formed a very positive mental resolution, never again to volunteer information to a sovereign who was so much more rapid in drawing deductions than her sister Anna had been. While doing so, he added—

"It was while I happened to be with him."

"You will summon the Count Dolgorouki at once." Then, while Souminé was leaving the apartment, she muttered, in a low but energetic tone, as if she was speaking to herself—"by God's Five Wounds, this must be looked to. We are the mistress, and will have no Boyards or Princes taking the law into their own hands for what they choose." Rising from the chair on which she had been sitting, she then stepped to the place where Henri de Chateaupers was standing beside the duke. With a gesture of indescribable sympathy, she laid her hand lightly upon his arm. "Have no fear—Monsieur!" she said, gently. "We have a little power this side of the grave, and will use it."

The Frenchman felt the womanly kindness in her tone and action. Involuntarily, he bent reverently forward, and lifting her hand from his arm, pressed it with his lips.

Turning from him to Richelleu, she passed her arm through that of the ambassador, and crossing the apartment, passed into the recess of a deep and old-fashioned window at the further end of it; whence a stranger might gaze upon the weird-like interior square of the Kremlin, faintly lit by the first quarter of the summer moon of Central Russia.

Well filled as the chamber was, not a sound could be heard in it, after this, save the occasional murmur of her own words and those of Richelleu—combined with the chance whisper of those of her attendants, who were of sufficient rank to converse in her presence.

One of them, a German nobleman, who had been an especial favorite of the late Tzarina, after some minutes, crossed over to De Chateaupers.

The French gentleman had been standing in the centre of the room, where the Empress had left him—cold and motionless as he might have been, if cut from a block of quarried marble.

All attempt would be unsuccessful to give any verbal shape to the willing passion, which engrossed him at this moment. Perchance, for an instant, the thought may have crossed his brain—"why he had not fostered his younger liking for the Tzarina." He perchance dreamt of the old time when he had believed he loved her. If so, he thrust it from him, and quelled its tarrying uneasiness. He loved the serf whom he had made his wife. Until now, he had—since the hour he had determined upon wedding her—never definitively recalled her former position, save when it had been brought before him by the speech of the Prince Dolgorouki. The lapse of a few hours, or, at

the most, of a few days, had then wiped it out from his memory. Now, it had again been forced upon him.

As it would have done with most men of strong and self-willed natures, it strengthened the obstinacy of his love.

This is phrased, curtly and squarely.

It would be useless to write about love, other than it really is. In the young a mere passion, and in the older man a habit, in the weak it may be broken down by opposition, or quelled by suffering.

Neither of these had any strength with the apparently easy nature of Henry de Chateaupers.

In his trouble, his will had simply become harder.

The German addressed him in a low tone.

"Monsieur—I feel for you. My name is Von Erthelm. If you have need of a sword, you may command mine."

The words were so simple, that the French gentleman at once received them at their full value. He stretched out his hand, and grasped that of the courtier.

"I thank you."

"Paul Dimitry has been here—in Moscow—within the last three days."

"You saw him?"

"No! I do not know him. A friend who does, recognized him."

Silence again fell on the party present, except in the caustic but polished speech of Richelleu, with the clearer and more musical voice of Elizabeth.

The time appeared, in the state of feeling of De Chateaupers, indefinitely to lengthen and prolong itself. It appeared, as if Sapichy Dolgorouki would never come. In his impatience, he could have cursed himself for seeking a private audience from the Tzarina, and the Duc de Richelleu for having advised him to do so, and added him in obtaining it. Yet, he knew that her word alone could help him with the Russian officials who had charge of the internal police, and that even now, Colonel Peronel—the interpreter attached to the French embassy—was occupied in searching for any traces of Fiodorowna which could be discovered, assisted by the man whom he had formerly known as the Moujik of Wolinski.

More than an hour had thus elapsed, when a page entered the saloon. Approaching the French Count, he addressed him in a low voice.

"Monsieur De Chateaupers, the Colonel Peronel is in the ante-room. He desires me to say that he requests you to see him, as soon as Her Majesty, the Empress, will permit your temporary absence."

Without wasting a single thought upon the Tzarina—without turning even one glance towards her, the French nobleman, to the astonishment of all who were present, strode toward the door of the apartment. As his firm and masculine tread fell heavily upon the polished flooring of the comparatively silent chamber, causing even Elizabeth and Richelleu to turn, Souminé appeared in the doorway, and advanced toward the former.

"The Count Dolgorouki is without."

"Bid him enter."

The clear accents of the Empress had scarcely died away from the hearing of the bystanders, than Sapichy had obeyed her.

So thoroughly had the pre-occupation of the Frenchman blinded him to the necessary formalities imposed by the Imperial presence in which he stood, that he was about addressing him, when a taper hand was laid authoritatively upon his shoulder.

"Monsieur De Chateaupers will allow us to speak before he does."

The quiet reproof caused the hot blood to mount to his brow. He bowed low, as the Tzarina extended her other hand to Sapichy, who bent his head, and touched it with his lip, deferentially.

"You are welcome—Count Dolgorouki. You have been absent for some days."

"I have, your Majesty."

"Where?"

"At Berenzoff."

"We have heard that your father-in-law is dead."

"Several days, since."

"What know you of his son—Paul Dimitry?"

"The present Boyard left Berenzoff, on the day when I attended his father's body to the grave."

"A graceless child!"

As Elizabeth spoke, a sharp oath broke from the tongue of the husband of Fiodorowna. The hand of the Tzarina was again laid upon his arm, as Richelleu imperatively whispered to him—

"Remember your position as well as mine—Monsieur!"

"Yacob Souminé has told you, why we sent for you"—continued the Tzarina.

"Madame! He has."

For the first time, since he had entered the room, Sapichy looked on the face of the Frenchman. It was with a dark smile, whose evil meaning pledged his full assistance to De Chateaupers. As such did that nobleman receive it.

"You believe what this gentleman does"—continued Elizabeth, with an inclination of her head toward the secretary of Richelleu.

"What is it, he believes?"

"Souminé has told you"—replied the Empress, tapping her foot impatiently upon the floor.

"That the Countess De Chateaupers has disappeared—Madame?"

"In God's name—yes!"

"Then, I believe that Paul Dimitry has caused her disappearance."

"With what purpose?"

"The gratification of an insane passion, he has, for many years, entertained for the wife of my friend."

"God in heaven!" hotly ejaculated the Tzarina. "Is our Russia a nation of savages, where one who has strength, takes what he will, how and when he chooses, from its lawful

owner?" Clinching her small fingers angrily together, and the ominous frown which is said to have borne so striking a resemblance to that of her father, the Great Peter, mantling over her brow, she added—"Paul Dimitry shall dearly pay us, for this. We swear it."

For several minutes a dead and untroubled silence reigned in the apartment, around her. It was, at last, broken by Sapichy.

"Will the Tzarina, graciously grant me a few moments of private audience?"

The Empress led the way toward the window in which she had been conversing with Richelleu, while waiting for Dolgorouki.

He followed.

As Sapichy did so, the page who had before delivered the message of the interpreter to the French gentleman, again entered and approached him.

It might have seemed that the Russian colonel was pressed for time. He had either intelligence which could not bear keeping, or, perchance might be, himself, weary of doing so.

Henri de Chateaupers accompanied the page from the apartment.

While he was absent, and Richelleu was making himself outwardly agreeable to a lady in waiting, with an abundance of fair hair and the clear Scandinavian eye—but inwardly chafing at not being the permanently principal person, present, next to Elizabeth, she had been listening to what Sapichy was saying. He was evidently informing her of something which had been completely unknown to her, for her eyebrows were arched in an expression of sorrowing astonishment. She appeared, when he ceased, to be answering him, rapidly. Then, he spoke again. It might have seemed that he was pleading warmly and eagerly. The Tzarina shook her head, several times, as she listened to him. She was apparently denying his request. Again, he spoke. This time, it was more energetically. Suddenly, turning to the rest of the party in the chamber—she cried out in an impatient tone—

"Monsieur L'Ambassadeur! may we beg your ear for a short time?"

While Richelleu was crossing the chamber, the door through which Henri de Chateaupers had quitted it, swung violently open, and the French nobleman re-entered. Hitherto, his feelings had been in a measure kept in check by his knowledge of the position he stood in, with reference to Elizabeth and Richelleu. Now, all his self-control had fled. His eyes flamed brightly from under his knitted eyebrows, as though they had been two coals of fire. Flakes of foam were on his lips. His cheeks were white with his rage.

Advancing to the place where Richelleu had already joined the Tzarina and Sapichy Dolgorouki, he dragged after him the shrinking form of the Russian colonel, whose whitened face and trembling limbs showed how deeply he deplored his unauthorized intrusion.

He would have sunk upon his knees at the feet of Elizabeth, but for the grasp of iron with which the Frenchman held him, upon his legs. He was compelled to stand.

"Speak!"—said the French noble, hoarsely and savagely. "Tell your Mother—the Mother of All Russia!" he laughed fiercely as he uttered the grand epithet which her subjects had applied from the first to Elizabeth—"that which you have told me."

"You forget yourself—De Chateaupers!" imperiously exclaimed the Duke.

"May I implore your Majesty's pardon?" ejaculated Peronel.

"Speak!"

"I assure your Imperial Majesty, that I am here, against my—"

"Hound—speak!" roared the count.

So sudden was this interruption—so thunder-stricken had Elizabeth been by the unwonted scene passing before her, that, at first, she could find no words, even had the rapidity with which the previous sentences succeeded each other, given her space in which to have made them audible. The moment's pause which had occurred after the last exclamation, now enabled her to find speech.

"What does this mean?"

"Will you tell your Mother—idiot?"

"Speak—man! and at once."

This time the order came from the Tzarina, and as if he were grovelling in the dust at her feet, and rubbing his brow in the saliva she might have expectorated, the Russian colonel answered her.

"Holy Mother! forgive the meanest of your slaves. Some two hours since, I accompanied Nicholas Orloff, a small trader in the Bazaar of Anna Ivanowna of blessed memory—the afore-said Nicholas Orloff, I ought to state, had been called by his Excellency, the Count de Chateaupers, Ivan—to search out what might have chanced to the Countess de Chateaupers, or where she might have gone. We were enabled to track her—Mother of Russia—until we came to the rear of the Church of Samson the Hospitable. She had been seen by many of the beggars, to whom, her Excellency had been full of charity. At this time of the year, they sleep in the streets."

"Tell your story, more briefly!"

"I will try to—your Imperial Majesty! Here we came to a stop. There was no one in the square around the Church, to whom we could apply. The house in which the Pope is lodged, stands behind it. I bade Nicholas Orloff go there, and inquire. He did so, and came running back to me."

"My servant, Guillaume Dantan, was lying in the front room, dead, upon a pile of straw." "He had been pierced with five wounds, and had been found by the Pope some hour before—Mother of All Russia! stone dead."

"I ask for Justice."

Scarcely had the last stern accents rolled from the lips of Monsieur de Chateaupers, than Richelleu added, in a milder, yet equally determined tone—

"And I—also. Guillaume Dantan was a French subject—the lady of Monsieur de Chat-

campers and her child, also are." The ambassador did not notice the curiously mocking yet anxious glance with which Dolgorouki scanned the face of Elizabeth, as he uttered these words. "They are, in different positions, protected by the Special Embassy of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis of France, to this Court. As his Representative here, I demand justice, from the Tzarina of All the Russias."

As the duke finished speaking, every one in the chamber gazed upon her countenance, whose word was, now, law to the whole of that vast empire.

With a similar frown contracting her fair brow, to that which has previously been noticed as clouding its blanched surface, she answered slowly—"You shall have it—Monseigneur!" Then, turning to Sapichy Dolgorouki, she withdrew a heavy ring from the third finger of her left hand, and extended it to him. "You were right. Show this ring to the Minister. All means will be placed at your disposal."

A savage throb of exultation swept through the frame of the courtier. His eyes, however, were as calmly full of mockery as before. He replied, reverently, placing the ring upon his smallest finger—

"I shall need none, beyond the permission this ring gives me to work your will!"

"Unless compelled"—interposed the Empress—"no blood."

Without appearing to notice her words, Dolgorouki resumed speaking—

"And to absent myself, to-morrow, from the coronation of your Majesty's coronation."

With less courtesy than the Russian had exhibited—it had been blotted out from his mind and heart, by the fiery trouble which had seized upon his whole will—Henri de Chateaupers neither sought license of absence from the Empress nor the Ambassador. Yet, when shortly after, he retired from the Imperial presence, with the husband of Catharine Dolgorouki, it was with no intention of filling that place, on the morrow, which had been allotted him, as the Special Secretary of the Duc de Richelieu.

CHAPTER XV.—THE MOON IN THE FIRST QUARTER—WEALTH'S TOOLS—THE WOLF AND THE NIGHT-HAWK—TIRED OUT—A LITTLE SWEARING—THE PAUSE—UNLOADING THE CARGO—GOOD BLOOD—ANNEALING BY FIRE—LOOKING FOR DAWN.

THE moon was almost at the end of its first quarter, and but dimly illuminated the broad and bare expanse of flatly bleak landscape which stretched its deep gray lines on every side into the distance, beneath the trembling glimmer of the stars.

It was some hour, or more, after midnight. All seems plunged in loneliness. Not the ruddy gleam through the unclosed door of a hut, may be seen. The hour is too late. Save the shrill cry of the night-hawk or braying yelp of a stray wolf, nothing can be heard, but the souging whish of the fresh night-wind.

At length another sound breaks on the stillness of the spot, which is gloomy and forbidding as the imaginary desolation of a feverish dream!

It comes, vaguely and strugglingly, against the breeze which blows from the north.

Nearer and nearer it draws, until the tramping gallop of rushing horses and the rumble of wheels may be heard. Then, the dark shadow of the approaching vehicle may be seen. It is a rough droschky, dragged over the uneven ground by four hardy Russian ponies, urged by their two riders—steaming and well-nigh worn out by fatigue, as they appear to be—at an almost frantic gallop.

Four horsemen follow it, closely. It is impossible in that dim light which crouches upon the scene, to make out, either face or garb, thoroughly. However, they are not dressed as serfs. Rather were they, as far as might be discerned in the gloom, men in that class of floating life, which can be found in every large community where there is a daily struggle for the bread and wine and meat that sustain being—men, whom wealth can always buy, as the willingly ready or unscrupulous tools for any virtue or every villany. It must be granted, they are but seldom purchased for the first of these wants.

Save the shrill outcry of the drivers, which breaks from them, as the whip falls on their jaded animals—they have been in the harness, traveling at this mad rate, since nine on the preceding evening—not a word or sound escapes from any of the riders.

On they sweep, until the still lowering moon dips under the horizon, and the starry heavens would seem to close in that lonely party upon every side.

Here, they pass a clump of ragged and torn fir which stand out blackly in the night, upon the flat ground, like outlying pickets from the huge forests of Central and Northern Rusland. Anon, they see the low, swift, shambling leap of the night-prowler of the winter. He follows them at a respectful distance. Hunger and cold have not sharpened his cruel fangs or done away with his cowardice. Then they come upon a sweep of low and marshy ground, rendered still more dark and sombre, by the sparkling flash of the innumerable fire-flies.

At last, in the distance, early as it is—it is barely past three o'clock—the struggling light of the anticipatory dawn colors the dead aure above the eastern horizon, with an uncertain gray.

It, gradually, becomes more light. But, as the lonely undulations of the solitary plain grow clearer, so the wind freshens.

He, who apparently is acting as the leader in that strange party—the Servian, who had been seen by the former Moujik of Wolinski, following on the heels of Flodorowna—rides up to the side of the droschky, and comes into it a cloak of black fox-skin, which he has unstrapped from his saddle. Leaning forward, he arranges it over the occupants of the carriage.

Not a word passes.

They are, possibly, buried in slumber. Then he gallops up to the side of the foremost postillion.

"Hearken—Zonda!"

"I hear."

"How long, can the horses hold on?"

"One hour—possibly."

"No more?"

"They will drop as they run, unless they stop and feed."

"Drive then, to the knoll on the right of the road"—says the Servian, sharply. "We are beyond the chance of immediate pursuit. The devil, himself, would be puzzled to track us, until the morning—if, indeed, his black royalty might do it, then. Darkness covers up the running heel."

The little eminence he had pointed to, is some quarter of a mile in advance of the party, and some sixty yards to the left of the rough and broken road they have been following, through the greater portion of the night.

Rough and broken as this has been, it is, however, a plain and Macadamized transit, compared to the sixty yards which they have now to cross. The boulders and broken rocks which are everywhere projecting from the sparse and scanty-grown turf, try the capabilities of the worn-out horse-flesh so severely, that after a few minutes more of toll, throwing their ears back and thrusting forward their heads, the ill-groomed animals refuse, in spite of the Tartar scourge which is well and honestly plied upon their aching sides and legs, to budge another inch.

"Swear at them."

The hint or order comes from the Servian, who seems to be the leader of the party. He feels that there is no longer any necessity for the silence which had been imposed upon them, when they first started. Nor, indeed, had there been for the last four hours, since they have passed into the loneliness of night, and the wild tract they had been traveling through. Besides, does he not know, the Russian pony needs the oaths, as well as the lashes of his driver.

A perfect hurricane of menace and oburgation answers to his bidding, raining upon the helpless brutes. It is enforced by the energetically renewed application of the thong.

For the next moment or two, they again struggle to drag forward the droschky. They actually succeed in pulling it some two or three paces along the rough and rock-choked sward.

Then, they again give in.

The angry curses and cruel blows, with which, they have, so long, been well acquainted, fail to stir them.

"The tired brute is cased in iron"—exclaims the Servian. "Where his hoof stops, it sticks."

Leaping from his own horse, he throws open the door of the vehicle.

Thence—it was with but small ceremony, he lifts out a small figure. It is muffled up in sheepskin, and is, apparently, the figure of a child.

"Take it—Krilowitz."

When he says these words, he tosses the living bundle, from him, to one of his followers. The man has just dismounted, but catches it lightly. No less care for it could have been shown by the Servian, had it been but a tied faggot of cleft pine wood.

With a rude gesture, he then tears a blanket from the swathed head of a female who was crouching upon the flooring of the droschky. Seizing her by the shoulder, he shakes her violently, as he exclaims—

"Rise—hag! and come out."

As the old woman—for such she, very evidently, is—emerges from the doorway and stands, limply, beside him, he again bends into the vehicle. With somewhat more care, he withdraws a third person from the interior. It is undoubtedly a female, although she is muffled round, as the child had been.

Throwing her form across his shoulder, as he might have done with the carcass of a slain deer or a sack of grain, he moves through the gray twilight toward the group of scrub-oak, which crowns the knoll he has selected as a temporary resting-place.

He is followed by Krilowitz, and the woman upon whom he had bestowed so little complimentary an epithet.

Two of his companions—or, as possibly, they ought to be called, his followers—have already kindled a fire, beneath the dwarfed trees, with the withered and broken branches scattered around.

Placing the female he had borne, against one of the trunks, he removes the heavy sheepskin in which she has been covered, and unswathes her mouth. It has been carefully bound round with a heavy silken scarf. As the flame leaps up, briskly, from the rapidly igniting wood, its crimson lustre falls upon her white and rigidly set features.

Surely, they are those of Flodorowna De Chateaupers.

Yet, those last six hours have changed her. The danger she had shrunk from, almost as a trembling girl, now that it has fallen upon her—tangibly and unmistakably—she is prepared to confront. Something of the breeding of the serf may still be found in her nature. She might have lost, if she ever had any, all their deceit and cunning. But she has developed their patience, their endurance, and their resolution.

Her eyes wander around the group, inquiringly. It is evident that she had expected to see the man, by whose orders, or at whose instigation, she feels convinced she has been carried off.

Paul Dimitry is not present.

As she looks about her, for him, she hears the bold outcry of her boy.

"You are a thief and a villain! If I had a sword, I would kill you!"

Released from the wrapper which had muffled his lips, the child stands on the ground before her, full, in the red light of the fire, with

his little hands clinched and his rounded cheeks glowing with passion.

"Henri!"

Her summons is too late.

The man who had borne him thither from the droschky, and removed the wrappings from around him, is now kneeling beside the blazing logs, and warming his chilly hands at the leaping flames.

He merely laughs.

Rushing forward, the child strikes him with his closed hand in the face, so roughly that it staggers him. Had Krilowitz resented the boy's sturdy blow, Flodorowna might have rushed toward them. However, Ismalla does so, as crying out—

"Well hit—little game-cock!" he catches up the struggling Henri, and bearing him to Flodorowna places him, beside her, adding—"It is a pity, the brat will be but a serf."

"God alone knows."

As the grave accents fall upon the ears of those who were standing around, all retreat a space from that grave and self-contained loneliness, as if awe-stricken by her words—all, save the Servian. Even, he, for a minute or more, remains silent.

Then, with a hard chuckle, he speaks.

"He cares but little for what you or I do—Flodorowna!" A slight flush rises to her cheek, as she hears herself thus familiarly addressed by the tool of Paul Dimitry. In the ebbing gleam of the fire, it, however, passes unnoticed. "We shall remain here"—he continued—"until the sun rises. A full stomach can face trouble. If you wish to break your fast, we shall eat."

"Give Ismalla and the child, some food."

She does not again speak to him.

No sooner has the man turned from her, than Ismalla bursts out into a wild lamentation.

"Silence!"

So commanding cold and stern is the voice of the niece, who had, until now, always been so gentle, that her aunt looks at her face with a strangely conscious gaze. Whatever, that look means, she is awed into obedience. Drawing the skirt of her dress over her face, she sits down at her feet, and waits no more. Even, the boy remains mute, as his mother gazes out, fixedly upon the growing and brightening dawn.

In some ten minutes' time, Krilowitz places before them, on a wooden platter, some broiled swine-flesh and three huge slices of black bread.

Henri and Ismalla—the child's appetite has sharpened from the long journey, even for this diet—eat willingly.

"Can you give me a cup of water?"

Krilowitz offers her a tin measure, containing some three quarters of a pint of corn-brandy, but Madame De Chateaupers shakes her head.

Ismalla extends her hand for the cup, but as she does so, Flodorowna, takes it from the man and reversing it, scatters the coarse spirit upon the grass beside her. Returning it to him, with an imperative gesture, she says—

"I ask for water."

It is from a small stream at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, that Krilowitz procures it.

"I thank you."

"You are in love with the serf's blue eyes"—scolds the Servian, when the man returns to his fellows, and begins to make amends for his lost time.

The French Countess hears his words plainly, but her once fresh cheek is pale as marble. It flushes no more, and those blue eyes gaze out coldly and resolutely into the rapidly dawning light of the wakening day.

CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL-ROCKS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

A VISITOR to San Francisco will hardly be forty-eight hours in the city before he will be invited to join a party at the Cliff House. If he does not receive an invitation to make a journey there, he may believe that the citizens care very little for his opinion of the metropolis of the Pacific coast. For the seal-lions are the only lions of San Francisco, and, until the traveler has "done" them, he is not fully informed of the attractions of California. No other city in the United States can boast of such an aquarium—or menagerie—and the San Franciscans are naturally and justly proud of it.

Driving west from the city for about six miles, over a magnificent road, one reaches, on the shores of the Pacific, a comfortable hotel bearing the name of "Cliff House." It stands on a small cliff overhanging the ocean, and directly in front of it are some rocks, like small peaks, rising out of the water. These are known as the Seal-Rocks, and they are the resort of great numbers of seals, or sea-lions, who make it their home, when not in the water. Great care is taken to prevent their becoming alarmed and leaving the rocks. It is not permitted to shoot at them, or even to discharge any fire-arms in their hearing. The violation of this rule would subject the offender to a personal unpleasantness with everybody around the Cliff House, and also to a prosecution under a law which has been made expressly for the protection of these pets of the public. They climb about the rocks, regardless of the observation of the people on land, and on sunny days they will lie motionless for hours. Frequently they indulge in loud bellowings, and now and then they have neat little battles between the oldest and most overbearing males. Some of the more noticeable of the animals have been dignified with pet names; there is one, who is known by several peculiar spots on his skin, and has been christened "Ben Butler" by admiring friends. He is estimated to weigh two thousand pounds, and, apparently, has great influence with his kindred, especially those who are smaller than himself.

The Cliff House is a popular resort on all pleasant days; occasionally the proprietor induces some enterprising perambulist to attempt

a walk from the house to the first rock, in imitation of Blondin at Niagara. This never fails to draw a large crowd, and a good profit is realized from dinners and drinks. The glassware and other property of the establishment is marked, not with the owner's initials, but with the letters "L. S.," which, according to our school-books, mean, in plain English, "The Place of the Seal."

NEWS BREVITIES.

A SEAMAN'S home is to be established in Savannah.

ONE thousand married couples were divorced in Ohio last year.

IN Louisiana, women teachers receive the same wages as men.

MILLIONS of grasshoppers have made their appearance at Corinne, Kan.

THE Massachusetts Legislature will, at last, adjourn on Saturday, 11th inst.

BELOIT, Wis., has a wife who has not spoken to her husband in fifteen years.

VEGETATION is suffering severely in Central New York from the want of rain.

THERE is a great lack of railroad laborers reported in the State of Minnesota.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., has sold \$20,000 worth of horses for the foreign market this spring.

THE beef-condensing factory near Houston, Texas, boils down a bullock into twelve pounds.

IN Connecticut last year there were 12,481 births, 8,417 deaths, 4,754 marriages, and 491 divorces.

By a recent law Maryland pays \$121,120 annually in pensions to 1,514 soldiers of the War of 1812.

It is expected that the Keokuk bridge over the Mississippi will be completed by the 1st of October.

TEN new buildings, for arsenal purposes, are to be immediately erected on the island at Rock Island.

THE Worcester County (Mass.) Baptist Sunday-School Convention met at Leominster on the 2d inst.

THE Denver-Pacific Railroad was finished on the 30th ult. to a point a little over thirty miles from Denver.

BEFORE the close of the present year Milwaukee will be the eastern terminus of over two thousand miles of railway.

THE San Francisco Board of Education has voted to discharge any female teacher who may commit the crime of marriage.

THE new court-house at Portland, Jay Co., Ind., is nearly completed, and is reported to be one of the finest buildings in the State.

MILLIONS of grasshoppers have made their appearance at Corinne, Kansas, where the grasshopper has indeed become a burden.

THE Masonic fraternity of Terro Haute, Ind., are completing arrangements for the erection of a handsome building in that city.

MOSBY has written over his own signature that he has no sort of connection or sympathy with Fenian raids or Cuban filibusters.

THE Iowa Normal Academy of Music at Iowa City, proposes to admit two pupils from each county of the state free of charge.

A PARTY of Holstein emigrants arrived in Davenport, Ia., recently, and at once invested their extra money in Government bonds.

DENVER, COL., was built on the banks of an extinct creek. The creek has now become a constant stream, needing to be crossed by bridges.

THE annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church assembled in Toronto, June 1st. Over three hundred ministers were in attendance.

THE Indiana State Association of Congregationalists will meet at Kokomo, on Thursday, June 2d, and continue in session over the following Sunday.

THE first Masonic lodge established in the State of Indiana was at Vincennes in 1809. There are now 425 lodges and 22,000 affiliating Masons in the State.

AT New Albany, Ind., recently, a young man was arraigned for slander by a colored female, and a wealthy lady of that city appeared as his counsel.

THE bill to aid the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad was voted upon in Bangor on the 3d inst., resulting in its defeat by a total of 784 votes for, and 943 against.

A TRAIN of twenty-three cars, filled with strawberries, arrived in Chicago on the 1st of June over the Illinois Central Railroad. The whole cargo weighed over one hundred tons.

THE Concord "Patriot" reports that one New Hampshire boy of fifteen years is now six feet five and a half inches tall, but it does not brag about him yet, as he has not got his growth.

BUSINESS in the copper districts of Michigan is excessively dull, and despondency prevails. The Franklin and Fawcett mines are about to be closed, and it is feared others will soon follow.

A CITIZEN of Charlestown, Mass., recently deceased, left \$500 to be held in trust, and the interest used in opposing the annexation of that city to Boston. Boston thinks the will very "singular."

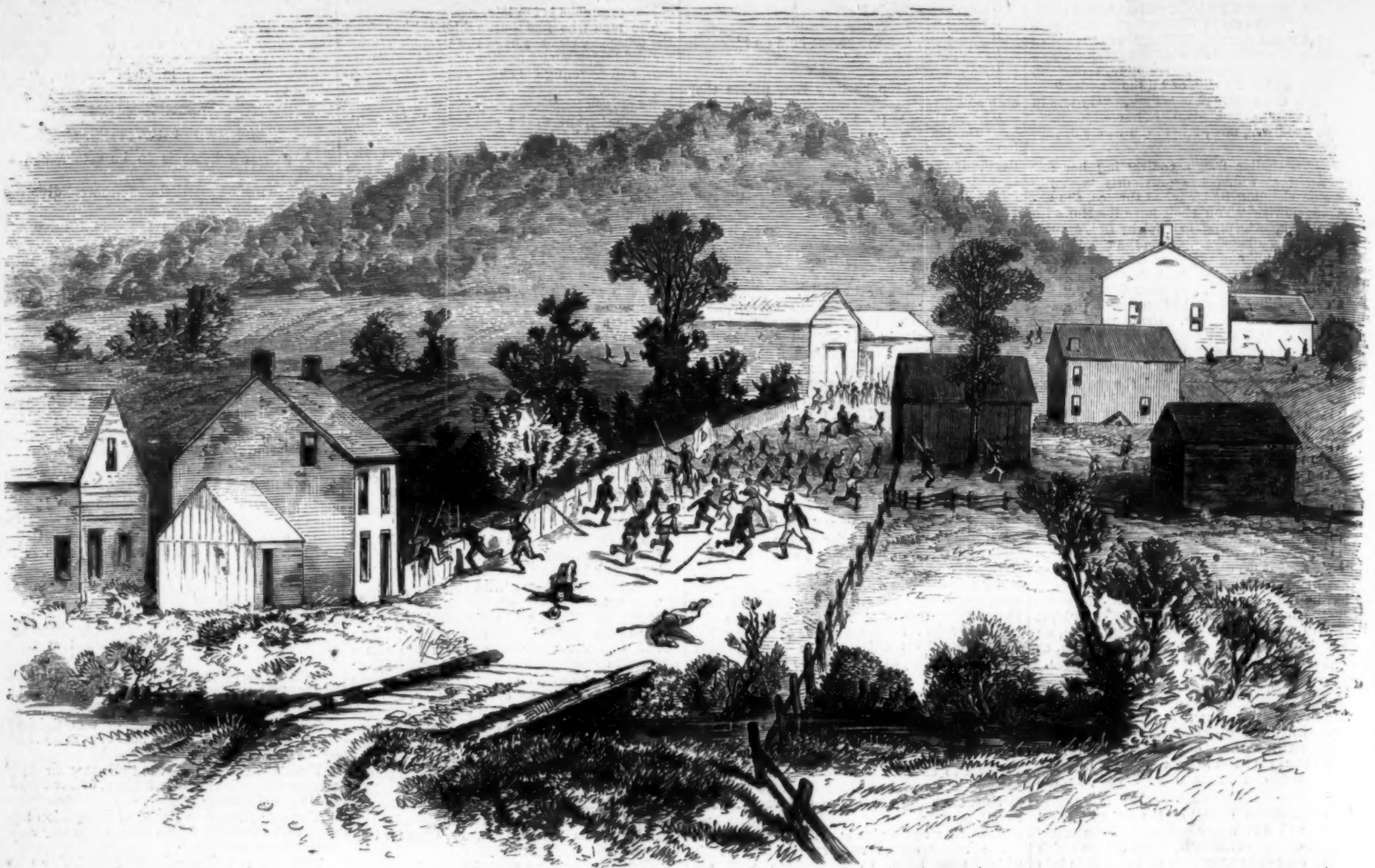
TWO small boys, while enjoying a ride in the creek at Neilsville, Wis., on the 22d ult., were unceremoniously dumped from their craft by a large pickarel, which had a notion to contest their right of way.

BETWEEN three and four hundred mail bags, direct from the Post Office at London, bound to the South Sea Islands, were received at Omaha on June 1st. This is the first shipment of the kind ever passed overland.

THE Raleigh (N. C.) "Standard" regrets that the late rains have caused a disastrous freshet in that vicinity. Many bridges on the Neuse River have been washed away, and the crops have been much damaged.

A "PROPHETIC SOUL" in Augusta, Wis., writes to the local papers that "ten years hence Augusta will require street cars, and the city will extend through the whole breadth of the valley. Population, 20,000."

TWO miles and six hundred feet of track were laid on the Denver-Pacific Railway on June 1st. Twenty-three miles are yet to be laid. About July 1st the Kansas-Pacific Company will begin laying their track eastward from Denver at the rate of two miles a day.



The first volley.
The dead and wounded.

House and barn where Colonel Donnelly
and men were concealed.

Hill held by the Fenians.

PLACE FROM WHICH THE FENIANS FIRED ON THE CANADIANS, BRIDGE AT THE AMERICAN BOUNDARY-LINE—VIEW TAKEN FROM THE CANADIAN CAMP.



Hill occupied by Fenians.
Franklin road.

Fenian force.

Richardson's farm.

The Canada line.

Canadian force.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE-GROUND, ON THE VERMONT BORDER, BETWEEN THE FENIANS AND CANADIANS.



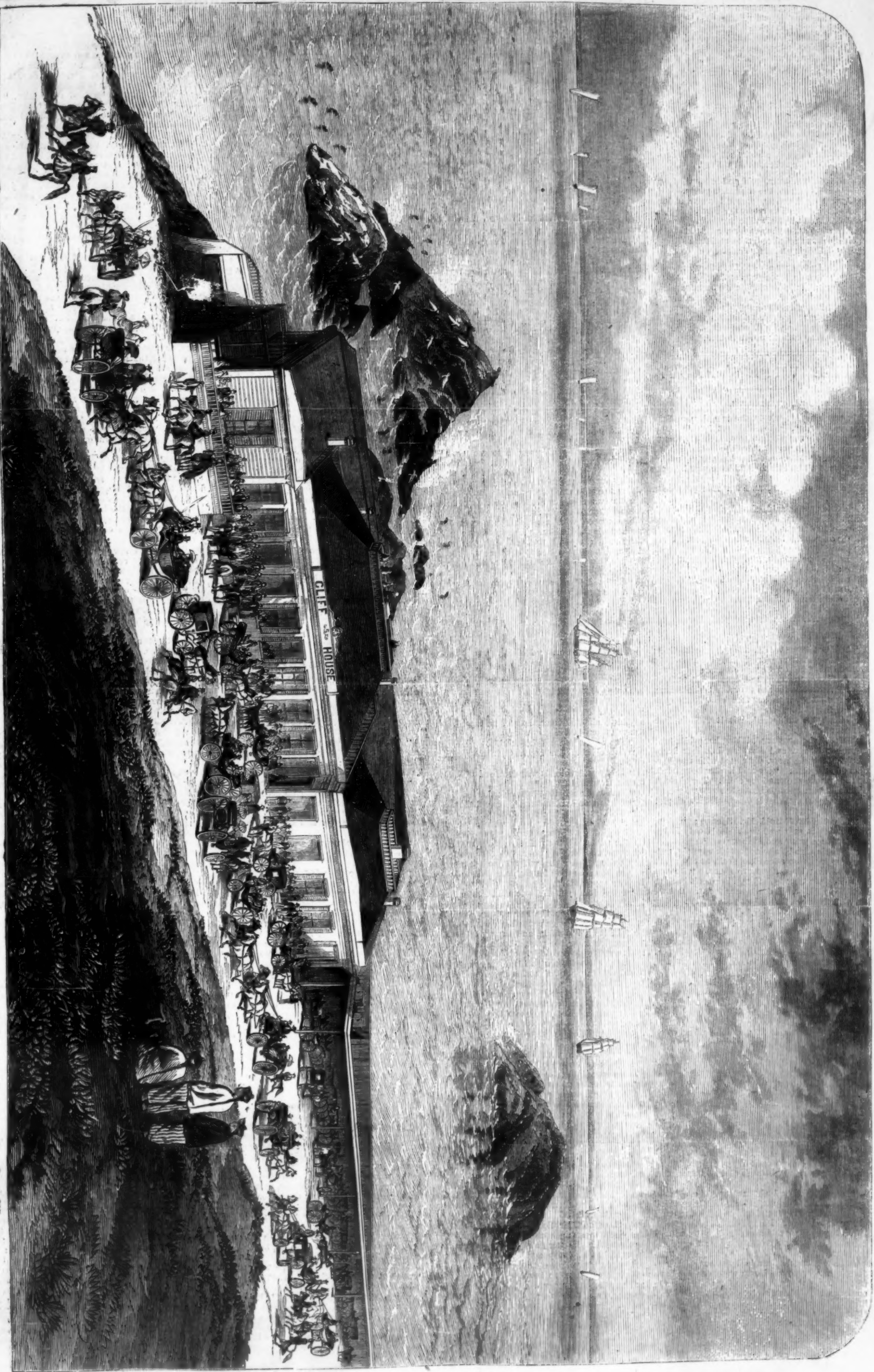
PRIVATE BOWE'S (OF THE FENIAN ARMY) GRAVE.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE FENIAN ARMY, NEAR THE CANADA LINE.

SCENES FROM THE LATE FENIAN RAID ON CANADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 213.

CALIFORNIA.—THE CLIFF HOUSE ON THE PRESIDIO ROAD, SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE SEAL-ROCKS OFF THE COAST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOMERSON & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 216.



WAITING.

THE days flow on and on,
And never one comes back.
Another year has vanished and gone,
As the waves of the sea wash out the track
On the shining sands of the shore.
And patience warreth, and hope is spent,
As I wait and watch for the one who went
And cometh to me no more.

The spring-time lived and died,
And the summer followed fast;
And I watched through both with a heart that
cried

For the one who vanished into the past
Like a beautiful star from the sky.
Who sailed in a good ship over the sea;
And the ship came back, but where is he—
Oh, treacherous ship, I cry.

The autumn, gold and brown,
Rose from the summer's grave.
And the rain and my tears fell down and down
As day by day I stood by the wave,
And cried aloud in my pain.
But what cares the sea for a tortured soul?
It mocks at grief, and the breakers roll,
Singing a loud refrain.

And never a word from thee!
But a silence deep as death.
Though the winter gleameth on moor and lea,
And the cold, cold wind, with its cruel breath,
Blows over the angry sea.
Yet always and ever, till life is done,
Shall I watch and wait and weep for one
Who cometh never to me.

THE WIFE'S PLOT.

CHAPTER VII.

It was one o'clock in the morning, and the weary attorney, who had sat in loneliness through half the night, drew forth his watch, and, with a heavy sigh, noted the hour. He had sat there, he knew not how long, when an icy touch made him start. And here was Lina, in a white dressing-gown, with her bright hair about her shoulders, and her face pale as a spectre's.

"Father," she said, shudderingly, "I can't sleep. I have tried, and I see only drowned faces—white faces lying beneath the sea. I wish you would let me sit with you. I am frightened."

"Lina!" he said, softly. But evidently his voice and presence were in her dream, for they did not break the chain of her fancies.

"Hush! I can't sleep," she answered. "There are drowned faces all around me, lying white and still, and cold as ice. Let me stay with you, father. I won't trouble you; I won't, indeed."

"Lina," he said again, falteringly. "The sea is very cold, father," she replied; "and the waves are around my feet, and the dead faces float on them—close, close by me now. Father! father! tell me I'll keep my word!" and, shivering in every limb, she shrank away from him, with her face bent down upon her hands.

"Lina," he whispered, "is it Philip's face you see?"

"Dead," she answered, lifting her white face from her hands, and showing him her large eyes, fixed and glassy, distended with the horror of her dream. "He and Hester both dead, and they have drowned my child. They hold it up in their dead hands above the waves, that I may see it. Oh, thrust it down—let it sink; let the sea cover it!"

"Lina! Lina!" said Mr. Spence; "Lina, your child is safe and well. It is only Philip Dalton's face you see on the waves."

"Philip's face?" she repeated, vaguely, putting her hands up about her neck, as though to search for a ribbon she wore there. "Do you mean his picture? Oh, yes, I'll give it back to him, if you like. I don't care for it. But we must not let him know just yet that I'm going to marry Ralph Hatherleigh."

She finished with an echo of the same childish laugh with which she had given up her early lover ten years ago; but the laugh ceased abruptly, and she awoke in the sudden silence. Then came a moment of bewilderment and terror.

"I have been walking in my sleep again," she said, grasping his hand nervously.

"Yes, Lina," he replied, soothingly.

"And have I talked?"

"Yes, Lina."

"What have I said, father?" she asked, with forced calmness.

"You have spoken of Philip Dalton."

"I must have dreamed of the wreck," she observed, quietly. "What have I said of Philip?"

"You try me too hard, Lina," he said. "If you dare to cherish a wicked love for this man, at least don't speak to me of it."

"Have I said I loved him?" she returned.

"If I said it waking, I lied; and if I said it sleeping, the words were false as—the falsest dream that ever disturbed the brain."

"Let me take you back to your room, Lina," said her father. "We won't discuss this matter further now."

"No, no, father," she returned, excitedly, pushing back his hands, as he would have aided her to rise, "I must and will tell you the truth before I go to rest. Philip Dalton is drowned—he is lying dead and uncoffined in the sea. I dare not speak falsely of him now; I dare not put upon his soul a sin which he never committed. Father, if he and I have met in London—met secretly, as I own we have—we have met with no thought of love for each other in our hearts. We have met almost without friendliness. No word of love has ever passed between us since the day I gave him back his picture beneath Hatherleigh Oak."

"Lina," said her father, "is it worth while

to strive thus to deceive me? You have that man's portrait on your neck now."

"Philip's!" she cried, in astonishment. "My dear father, you are mad!"

Hastily drawing forth the ribbon from her bosom, she opened the locket she wore, and showed him the face of Ralph Hatherleigh, her husband.

"Are you satisfied?" she said, letting the locket fall wearily. "I wish you would believe me, father; you ought to know me by this time. You ought to know how I enjoy a bit of mystery and romance, without, I hope, doing any harm."

"Then what is the romance and mystery, Lina?" asked her father; "and why have you met Philip Dalton at all?"

"Ah, that's my secret," she returned.

"Lina, be serious, if you can," said her father. "Don't tell me you have risked all the happiness and respectability of your life for a folly."

"Not for a folly," she answered, "but for something very wise, most reverend signor."

"My dear father, I never guessed you would take this silly matter to heart so much," she said. "The truth is just simply this: I wanted some one to arrange Hester Hartrow's departure for Australia, and I wrote to Philip and asked him to do it. He consented at once, and came up to London, and saw me; then he took the money, bought her outfit, paid for her berth—in fact, did all the business splendidly. But directly after I had seen him I began to be frightened. I thought you would be vexed if you knew we had met; and I feared, if the Hatherleighs heard of it, they would try to make mischief between me and Ralph. Moreover, they would feel excessively annoyed at my assisting Hester at all, and my doing it through Philip Dalton would be the culminating point of offense. So, foolishly perhaps, I made a mystery of the whole affair; and now the ship is gone down, I can't, of course, help feeling much shocked."

The tale was so plausible that Mr. Spence half hoped, half believed it true.

"Did you know Dalton was going to Australia?" he asked.

"No, he said nothing of it to me when he left for Plymouth," replied Lina. "I fear he must have gone on board, thinking to please me by accompanying Hester as far as Havre, where the ship was to touch. So, it is through me he has met his death—and I caused him sorrow enough in life, father."

She ceased with a quick shudder, and remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Don't reproach yourself with the man's death, Lina," said her father; "he evidently intended to go to Australia, he had his wife with him."

"His wife!" she repeated, a little wildly.

"Did the paper say that?"

"Yes, child. And now I insist on your going to rest. I won't hear a word more. Your sleep has already been unhealthy and disturbed."

"Father, it frightens me to death when I walk about like this," said Lina, pressing closer to him in her terror. "I wish you would take me home."

"If you think you can bear the journey, I do believe it would be best for you to be home, Lina," he returned.

"Oh, the journey is nothing!" she cried.

"There, I feel quite happy now. Did I say anything about Hester, father, in my sleep?" she cried, suddenly.

"Yes, about her and the child."

"The child?" she repeated, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, you fancied it was drowned with Hester Hartrow and Philip."

"Was that all I said?" she asked.

"That was all, Lina," replied her father.

"What strange, queer, foolish things dreams are!" said Lina, rising to her feet. "Fancy my imagining baby was drowned, and he safe all the while in his cradle! Good night, dear. Do come and lock my door, and take away the key," she whispered. "If I have that horrid dream a second time I am so afraid I shall walk in my sleep again."

"I will do as you wish—it will be safer," said Mr. Spence.

His room was on the same floor, close by; and when Mr. Spence came back with the key, he laid it on the table, and taking Philip Dalton's letter from his pocket-book, he sat down and read it over carefully.

Was it compatible with Lina's own statement to him? In spite of some discrepancies, he thought it was.

There are circumstances under which a man does all a woman tells him. If he has unwittingly compromised her name, he feels bound to enter into any scheme which she may devise to set herself right with the world. Perhaps Philip Dalton had even gone to Australia at Lina's persuasion; and the grief and agitation she had now shown might arise from remorse at having indirectly caused his death.

The letter, which evidently had reached the hotel immediately after her departure, seemed to imply some long separation, to which he had unwillingly consented. The carriage into which he sprang at the station was labeled "Plymouth," and doubtless it was there he joined this ill-omened ship.

Well, if this young man's death was on her conscience, it was certainly unfortunate, but she would forget it soon; and it was none the less an infinite relief to the unhappy attorney, who, sharp and hard to all the world beside, kept his heart ever soft and indulgent toward his daughter.

In this mood, Mr. Spence took his departure the next morning with Lina and her child. Byles meekly procured a second-class ticket for himself, but at every available opportunity he presented his yellow countenance at the door of their carriage, to inquire, with abject humility, whether he could get anything for Mr. Spence, or Mrs. Ralph, or the "dear baby" and nurse. Repeated refusals did not diminish his ardor. He only narrowed his eyes to a sharper line, and departed with a meek deprecating sniff, which seemed to express that he felt him-

self the smallest and meanest of mortals, and it would do him an infinite honor if the whole party condescended to make a door-mat of his miserable countenance. Thus, like a long, yellow cat gliding softly toward his prey, did Ephraim Byles accompany Lina Hatherleigh to her home.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEVEN or eight years have elapsed since our last chapter. Most of this time has been spent by Lina and her husband in Italy, while the boy, so long hoped for, has remained at home under the charge of his grandparents. Thus it is at the old Hall we find him now.

"There is not a finer boy in Christendom," said old Squire Hatherleigh with pride. "Just come and see how he sits that pony."

The lady he addressed, a fair, proud-looking woman, scarcely seeming more than fifty, although she was in truth nearer sixty, rose and gazed out of the noble gothic window upon a boy of five, who bravely managed his high-spirited pony as he galloped up the broad road leading through the park.

In another moment the child, with his bright face flushed and glowing, and his blue eyes sparkling with the excitement of victory, pulled up the pony, with both his little hands upon the bridle, and made him stand still beneath the window.

"Very well done, Ralph," cried his grandfather.

"Oh, grandpapa, I have had such a ride today! We have been up to the top of the great Tor, and I've seen the sea; but I did not see papa's ship on it, though."

"But it is coming, my boy; and then I fear you and I will have to part."

"But I don't mean to go," said the boy, "I like Hatherleigh much better than Coryton."

At this instant he looked up and caught sight of the fair, proud face, standing out against the folds of the crimson window-curtain, and a slight chill seemed to pass over him. It was scarcely fear; and yet, in the momentary shadow which fell upon his brightness and happiness, there was something sadder than fear. It was that sorrowful wonder which haunts the heart of a child at discovering, that, amid all the love around him, there is one person withholding love, one person whose eye looks on him with strange suspicion and reserve. In glancing at Mrs. Hatherleigh it would seem as if the boy was uncertain how he would be received; but when she smiled, he brightened instantly, and a warm flush covered his young cheeks.

"You won't let papa take me away from Hatherleigh—will you, grandmamma?" he said, earnestly.

"We must not keep you from your father and mother, if they wish to have you, Ralph," she said, gently.

The boy looked wistfully at his grandfather, and his small lip trembled.

"I wish papa's ship was not coming home," he said. "Here, Harry, take the pony. I'm going in now."

Children's thoughts are strange things," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "I wonder why Ralph is sad at the thought of his father's return? Most boys would be delighted at the idea of a change, and the prospect of being again with their parents."

"But, my dear, you must not forget the child has been more with us than with them," returned the squire; and, upon my word, I think he likes us better—I do, indeed."

"You are wrong to permit yourself to grow so fond of the child," she observed, in a cold tone. "Is it likely that a son of Caroline Spence's will turn out well? Don't set your heart too strongly on this boy, lest he should break it."

"You are unfair, my dear, as you always are, when we discuss this subject," returned the squire.

"Unfair!" she repeated, sarcastically. "Are you so weak as to use that expression regarding my opinion of Caroline Spence—a woman who met another lover clandestinely up to the very day she accepted your son—a woman who has deceived her father countless times, and who married from the vilest motives of worldliness, not scrupling for the sake of her ambition to sacrifice the only honest love she ever felt?"

"You are too hard, my dear—too hard," said old Mr. Hatherleigh; and he turned his newspaper with a great rustle of the pages.

"I am not hard enough," resumed Mrs. Hatherleigh. "The truth is, you don't know that woman as I do. I have known and watched her from a child, when I pitied Peter Spence for having such a daughter."

"But, after all, excepting some foolish freaks when she was a girl, what do we know against her?" asked her husband, with sudden seriousness.

"The worst we can say is, that we suspect her motive in marrying Ralph, because she threw over some poor painter fellow, who hadn't a penny, in order to take the squire's son."

"It is not that only," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "It is her low, deceitful nature to which I object; it is the miserable, small scandal, of which she made herself the object, that I abhor; and, above all, it is the absurd flirtations for which she was conspicuous, as Miss Spence, that I must say, as I have always said, that she is no fitting person to represent the honor of Hatherleigh."

"I can't say you are wrong there, my dear," returned the squire with a sigh. "But since Ralph has married her, and it is such an old story now, I don't see what we can do, but make the best of it."

"Certainly, Mr. Hatherleigh, let us make the best of it. The question is, What do you consider the best?" she asked.

"Why ask that now, Lucy?" he said, irresolutely. "I don't see any necessity for discussing this old, worn-out subject of Ralph's marriage, at present."

"No necessity?" she answered, a little scorn-

fully. "How can you say that, when any day may bring us the news of the arrival of your son and his wife, and when you know that you will be called upon then to decide how you will receive them?"

"Kindly, Lucy, my dear; kindly, of course."

"Well, so let it be!" she said, with a deep sigh. "But you must not expect me to be anything more than civil. I will ask her here now and then to a grand dinner, but I cannot promise to be affectionate or familiar."

"Well, well," responded the squire, "I believe the grandeur will please her more than the affection would; the question is, Will it content your son?"

"Ralph married to please himself," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, "and he must bear the consequences of a foolish choice. I told him from the first that he might make Caroline Spence his wife, but he could not make her my daughter."

"She won't expect too much from you, my dear," returned her husband, with unconscious sarcasm; "but I think Ralph will not consent to a full reconciliation on any other terms than a proper recognition of his wife, and a reception befitting his and her position, as my son and daughter-in-law."

Mrs. Hatherleigh's proud face flushed to the brow, and her lips quivered painfully.

"You say all this because you have the love of an old man for his grandson," she observed.

"It is for the boy's sake you are weak enough to talk of the child of Peter Spence and his kitchen-maid as your daughter."

"Not kitchen-maid, my dear," said the squire—only housekeeper; a thing which all ladies are, or ought to be; and as to my love for the boy being the love of an old man, it is at least a love strong enough to stand by him, and it will. Moreover, I am not too old both to do and to mean what I say."

Mrs. Hatherleigh was a woman quick to perceive when she had gone too far. Her last words were indeed scarcely spoken before she felt they were injudicious; and during her husband's speech she had drawn near to him, and laid her small, white, firm hand upon his arm.

"Stephen," she said, very gently, "I never meant to wound you by an allusion to your age. I was thinking merely of the cruelty of love—love between the aged and the very young, I mean. I know how often it proves the last and saddest wrench the human heart can feel. The boy you love so much will hate you, and forget you, or perhaps be taught by his mother to hate you."

"Do you know you say fearful things at times, Lucy?" returned Mr. Hatherleigh, with some excitement. "Is it for this fancy that you steel your heart against the child as you do?"

"Yes," she answered, firmly. "I confess it is. I confess that from Caroline Spence I expect only a stab, and I look forward to her child being made a cause of torture to us both."

"I trust not," said Mr. Hatherleigh, in a husky voice. "He is as bright and good a boy as ever lived, and I can't believe in his turning out a curse to us."

"Not the boy," said his wife, hurriedly. "But can't you see how, through our love for him, his mother may hold her hand on our very hearts, and repay us for all the slight we have shown her these years past?"

"I don't believe her capable of such a thought," he returned; "but I can understand now, why, with such an idea in your mind, you withhold your love from the child, as you evidently do."

"Are you aware," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, "that Augusta refuses to meet Mrs. Ralph, and will decline to come here, if she knows her to be a visitor?"

Mr. Hatherleigh whistled in a dismayed way, but made no other reply.

"Nor can you expect a Lady Augusta Coryton to notice a Caroline Spence," said Mrs. Hatherleigh.

"Yes, I can," returned the sturdy squire, "when both Lady Augusta Coryton and Caroline Spence write their name Hatherleigh now, and are, in fact, sisters-in-law, whether my lady likes it or not."

Mrs. Hatherleigh's fair, proud face grew very white, as her husband spoke thus; and then she said:

"You may have forgiven Ralph his marriage, but I have not, and never can. Nay, Stephen, hear me out. If he had chosen the poorest girl living, who loved him, and who had faith, truth and honor for her dowry, I would have welcomed her to my heart right willingly. But I should look in vain for these qualities in Caroline Spence, and I know she married my son without ever loving him. There lies the true gail of this bitterness for me, Stephen. My poor boy was taken for his money and his expectations, not for himself. There were none but mercenary thoughts in the heart of his wife when she took him."

"Well, my dear, if we grant that the match on her side was worldly, and on his foolish, we must still come back to the old truth, that we must make the best of it," said the squire; "and so let us invite them to Hatherleigh, and forgive and forget the past."

"I will do as you wish," she said, softly.

"A kind letter of invitation shall meet them at Southampton."

"Hang it! you know Ernest has only got girls."

With these last words the squire was gone, and Mrs. Hatherleigh, drawing her desk toward her, wrote a long letter to her eldest son; and as she folded her letter, she said to herself:

"My objections are a foreboding, a fear; his are a settled hatred to the Spences; and he gives way only after years of waiting, when he sees there is no chance of Ernest's having a son."

As the Hatherleigh postman went down the park with that letter in his bag, there was a long shadow creeping toward the house, which wriggled on the grass, and wound itself round trees, more like a tail attached to the body of

Ephraim Byles than the honest shadow of a man.

CHAPTER IX.

At the top of the dell furthest from the Tors, and looking westward down the valley, stood a substantial cottage, built of stone, not picturesque in itself, but made so by the scenery around it, and, above all, by its garden and orchard, and the profusion of bright flowers clustering round its casements.

This was Sunnlehayes Cottage. It looked an earthly paradise, and its owner was Ephraim Byles. Not that Ephraim inhabited it by himself. He knew better than to live in solitude, so he patronized his old father, Job Byles, and his three sisters, who all worked for him, and paid him for their board.

In his youth old Job had been a serving-man, "proud in heart and mind," and may be, also, a little of a fox in stealth and greediness. He had been Lord Coryton's gamekeeper, and, through this life-long habit of his of setting traps for unwary animals, perhaps it came that his son was born like a cat, sly of hand, watchful of eye, quick of ear, and greedy of heart. Old Job could sit all day patiently at a rabbit's hole, or a badger's cave; and Ephraim, in his way, could be patient, too, and set his traps with a hand as smooth, as cunning, and as cruel as the most treacherous paw that ever unsheathed talon from a velvet case. Who can tell how much of this nature of his he owed to his father being a trapper?

It was in the days of old Job's pride that his daughters were born, and when his meek wife asked what the eldest should be called, he answered instantly, that, since his name was Job, his girls should be called after the daughters of Job. Accordingly they were christened respectively Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch; but this last being an utterly impossible name, it got gradually changed to Happy. So at this present time they were known as Miss Jem, Miss 'Ziar, and Miss 'Appy Byles.

They had the same flexible nose as their father, with a twist at the tip; the same long, wiry mouth, made to hold pins, hooks, nails, and any other little hard commodity of that sort useful for baits or traps; the same sharp teeth, fit to crunch a rabbit's head, or bite the life out of any other struggling creature; the same small, sharp eyes, and complexions of frizzled mahogany. This description was applicable to all three. Miss 'Happy, the youngest, was not quite so frizzled and speckled as her sisters; Miss Jem squinted; and Miss 'Ziar had lost a front tooth. By these marks they were recognizable to their friends.

As for meek Mrs. Job Byles, she had long gone to that rest which certainly her married life had never given her. For Job and his children had been rather too much for Mrs. Byles; metaphorically speaking, they had sharpened their teeth so often on her pale, smooth face, that it got cut up into wrinkles before its time; and, in the same way, the little plump body was so continually the target for the wit, spirit, and talents of her brilliant husband and progeny, that at last it gave way suddenly, and broke down, never to be set up again.

On the evening of the day on which Mrs. Hatherleigh wrote to her son, Job Byles sat by the fire mending an old trap. There was a potato-cake baking on the hearth beneath a three-legged crock, and it smelt good.

"Jem," he cried to his eldest daughter, "I reckon this year cake is done."

"Then ye're out o' yer reckoning, snapped Miss Jem. "I know well enough when I put 'un under the crock and raked the ashes over 'un. I tell 'ee he'll be done to a minute when Ephraim do come in, and not afore."

"Thee'st got a sharp tongue," mumbled old Job; and "I'll le' 'ee alone—I will," and he set to work again at his trap.

At this moment Ephraim's sly step shuffled over the threshold, and she held her peace.

"Well, father," said Ephraim.

"Yes, my son," grinned old Job, "how arr' 'ee?"

"Tired out," returned Ephraim. "The way our old man has been going on to-day is worse than wasps' nests, and that's the truth. If it wasn't for that pitfall I've told 'ee of so often, father, I do believe I should lose my temper. As it is, I keep as quiet as a lamb."

"Mr. Spence don't take you for a lamb, Ephraim. I should hope," said Jemima.

"It's no odds what he takes me for," returned Ephraim, with a loud sniff. "I wonder, Jem, you can't get tea ready against a fellow comes in."

"Tea is ready, Ephraim," said Jemima, meekly.

Ephraim gave a dissatisfied glance at the table, and sniffed contemptuously at the radishes and brown bread and butter.

Now, the potato cake being done, no longer gave out its delicious fragrance. So, when Jem took the bellows and blew the ashes away from the rim of the crock, and then turning it over, displayed the cake, crisp, brown and beautiful, there was a little smile of triumph on her face as she glanced at her brother.

"I thought, Jem," said Ephraim, with immense good temper, "that you weren't such a fool as to give a fellow only dry bread and butter. Come, let's begin."

"Wait till I call Happy and Kezia," returned Jemima.

"Wait! What should we wait for?" asked Ephraim, helping himself enormously, and filling his mouth forthwith. "Wait for nobody—that's my motto."

Jemima, however, opened the door, and called to her sisters, and then there fell on the ear the faint tinkle of a very old piano feebly played, mingled with a queer sort of chirruping, not by any means in time or tune with the accompaniment. This was the two younger Misses Byles sing a duet.

"There they go again!" said old Job, in a tone of exasperation. "It was a bad specula-

tion, Ephraim, when you boft this ould cranky machine. However, there's a deal of wires in 'un, which will serve for snares waun day, when I crack 'un up, as I sartinly shall."

"What are you talking of, father?" cried the little, thin, sharp voice of Miss Kezia. "Why should you object to our having a piano? Ephraim is managing clerk now at Mr. Spence's. That's a genteel position, and I don't see why we should not be a little genteel in our own home."

"I wish you'd be genteel in some other way," retorted Job. "Seemint' to me it eddn't pleasant for a man to fancy there's pigs killing somewhere round all day long."

To this compliment the musical sisters vouchsafed no reply.

"Have some cake, Happy!" said Jem.

"No, thank you," she replied; "potato cake is so low. I wonder, Ephraim, to see you eating such vulgar stuff."

"I ain't quite so genteel as to go and starve myself," observed Ephraim.

"Good gracious!" shrieked Miss Kezia; "here's Squire Hatherleigh at the gate, and his little grandson!"

Ephraim's narrow eyes turned greedily to the window, at this news, and a peculiar smile came over his yellow face.

"And they are coming in!" exclaimed Miss Happy, in wonder. "Jemima, you must show them into the parlor."

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Mr. Hatherleigh was ushered into the faint, fusty atmosphere of this genteel apartment by Miss Jemima Byles, he went straight to a tall niche, which was filled from floor to ceiling with stuffed specimens of old Job's skill as a snarer.

"Ah!" he said; "here's the very hawk I have been wanting so long to fill up my collection. How did your father get it?"

"He set a gin for it, sir, right up on top of Castle Wood. It broke its leg in the gin, and beat itself dreadfully. Its wings measured seven feet across when spread out," said Jemima. "Father didn't happen to go to the trap for three or four days; that's how it beat itself so bad, and was so long dying that some of its feathers is spoiled."

The old sporting squire listened to this history with an unmoved mien, but the child by his side shuddered.

"My boy here," said Mr. Hatherleigh, "wants your father to get him a young squirrel. Do you think he can?"

"He'll do that easy enough," replied Jemima. "He can fetch a nest of young ones, and our cat will bring 'em up for you."

"There, Ralph, my lad, you'll have two or three squirrels instead of one," said Mr. Hatherleigh, in his jolly, Western voice. "Is your father in, Miss Byles? I should be glad to speak to him."

In another instant the hunting squire and the old trapper stood side by side.

Old Job had a tale to tell of every beast and bird in the tall case.

"But you have an empty compartment here, Job," said the squire. "That looks ugly. You ought to catch some 'varmint' or other to put in there."

"I means to, your honor," returned Job. "There's a tarnation otter in the river, which I'm arter, and hopes to ketch. The times I've tried to trap this slippery beast is past reckoning; I warrn't when I do find 'un in the gin, I'll skin 'un alive for vengeance, I will."

"Ah," said Mr. Hatherleigh, carelessly, "I wish you success, Job, and hope I shall see that poacher of fish in the empty case one day."

"Poacher of fish, sure enough, sir," continued Job. "None of the gentry round keeps other-hounds, or we might hev a try at the varmint that way."

"You never snare a hare or a rabbit of my lord's, I suppose, Job?" observed Mr. Hatherleigh, with the twinkle of a smile in his eye.

"You shouldn't ax sich a question as that, squire, of an ould keeper," he answered, gravely. "Man and boy, I've lived on the Coryton lands sixty-three year, and never had no sich word said to me afore. My lord wouldn't give me a pension, and the range of his woods, if he didn't know Job Byles could be trusted."

"No offense, Job, I hope?" returned the squire. "I was but jesting."

"I don't like no sich jokes," replied Job, grimly. "I've helped ketch too many poachers, in my day, to turn poacher myself in my ould age. I was the man that knocked Hartrow down when your honor's under-keeper was killed—young Tarn."

"Ah! you were at that affair, were you, Job?" said Mr. Hatherleigh. "That Hartrow was as hardened a rascal as ever lived."

"None worse," replied Job, "in the way of poaching. The parish is well rid of 'un."

"I was determined to get the scoundrel convicted," continued the squire, warming with the subject; "and I'm glad I've rid the country of him altogether."

"Kith and kin," remarked Job, with a queer look glancing out of his sharp eyes.

"No, not exactly that," said Mr. Hatherleigh. "Old Hartrow still lives on the heath. I dare say he owes me no good will, but I allowed him to stay in his cottage, at my son's request."

"Mr. Ernest's?" asked Job.

"No; Mr. Ralph's," was the reply.

"Ah, I thought Mr. Ernest wouldn't give a helpin' hand to a Hartrow," said Job. "He esn't one of this sort, nor Lady Augusta neither. And I rather expect 'twas Mrs. Ralph as axed her husband to give ould Hartrow his good word with you. She was always very thick with them Hartrows, bad lot though they be."

An expression of great annoyance clouded Mr. Hatherleigh's face. Moreover, the tone of respect with which the old trapper named Lady Augusta, changed, in mentioning Mrs. Ralph, to an inflexion of voice which struck the ear with

a sudden sense of hidden insolence or mystery, which was, of course, excessively disagreeable to the man who had, perforce, been obliged to accept her as a daughter-in-law. He turned abruptly to leave the little fusty parlor, but Job's next speech arrested him at his first step.

"The reason of their being so thick, you see, was that Hester Hartrow knew all about Miss Lina's love affair with the young painter who stayed at the castle takin' pictures of my lord and lady."

"Hang the Hartrows, and the painter, and you too!" cried the angry squire. "What do you mean, man, by talking this rubbish to me? Do you think I want to hear any of your low, lying slanders against Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh?"

"No offense, sir," said Job, quite meekly. "But 'teddn't no slander of mine; 'twas common talk at the time, and no harm that I knows on. A young lady may have more lovers and more offers than waun, I s'pose. Most of 'em does, I reckon."

"Well, don't speak disrespectfully again to me of my son's wife," returned Mr. Hatherleigh, "and don't mention her name in conjunction with those Hartrows. Bless my soul! why, that fellow Hartrow is a convicted felon. His name and that of Hatherleigh should never be spoken in the same breath."

The squire had talked himself into somewhat of a rage, and his great stalwart form towered threateningly over the small, wiry figure of the trapper, who began apologizing, in a frightened way, for his inadvertent words.

"I never thought no harm, squire, I do assure 'ee," he said, cringing. "It was aunty 'long with Hester Hartrow that Mrs. Ralph consorted in th' ould time, and I've heard say she was far above Lewis Hartrow, and ran away with 'un from her own home somewhere up the country. May be that was why Miss Spence was kind to her. And it eddn't likely I shall ever put the names of Hatherleigh and Hartrow together agin, since Hester is drowned, and 'auld man is the aunty waun of the family left alive; and Mrs. Ralph valent trouble herself about he, I reckon."

In spite of the cringing tone of this speech, there was a something in it, undefinable in words, which still further irritated Mr. Hatherleigh.

"Hester Hartrow drowned?" he repeated, angrily. "That is utterly false!"

"Is it, sure, sir?" replied Job, innocently. "I always heard she and her child was drowned going to Australy. Thic's what I meant when I said your honor got rid of all the Hartrows, kith and kin. And a good thing too," he hastened to add, with a curious chuckle of enjoyment, "for I never wish to see a Hartrow at Hatherleigh."

"It is not likely that you will ever see one of that family get a cottage on my land, or on Lord Coryton's either," said Mr. Hatherleigh. "Nevertheless, I had nothing to do with the poacher's wife going to Australy, and I happen to know she was not drowned. Old Hartrow had a letter from her not many days ago."

"Dear me, now, was she saved by some merciful hand when the ship was wrucked?" asked Job. "I have not troubled myself to inquire."

As Mr. Hatherleigh said this, he nodded carelessly to Job Byles, but with so slight an inclination of the head, that it scarcely seemed a salutation; and, passing through the kitchen with his hat on his head, without a smile or a look at the three slumbering Miss Byles, he strode into the garden, and called loudly to his little grandson, Ralph, who was being shown around by Ephraim.

"Ralph! Ralph!" cried the voice of Mr. Hatherleigh.

"There's grandpapa calling!" said the boy, struggling to free himself from Ephraim's flabby hands. "Let me go."

"So you are called Ralph?" exclaimed Byles, pretending extreme wonder, as though he had only just become acquainted with this fact. "But I don't think that's your name. Mr. Hatherleigh isn't calling you; it's quite a mistake, you know. I expect you are only a little village boy dressed up, and you've got another name you won't tell."

"What a great fool you are!" cried the child, with wide-open eyes, tugging angrily at Ephraim's yellow fingers. "Everybody knows I am Ralph Hatherleigh. I am the sixth Ralph Hatherleigh; I've heard grandpapa say so often. Let me go! You are hurting me. I will be let go!"

Snatching his little reddened hand from the clammy grasp which held him, the child ran forward in hot haste, but was instantly overtaken by Ephraim, who, with quite another voice and manner, soothed him with humble apologies and abject sniffs.

"I was only in fun, Master Hatherleigh—I was, really. You must not mind me; it's only my way. I am so fond of teasing, that I can't help it sometimes. And please don't tell grandpapa—there's a dear, kind, noble little gentleman."

Ephraim appeared to find a sort of pleasure in uttering these epithets, finishing his appeal with a sniff and a smile which would have tempted an honest man to knock him down.

"I am no tell-tale," said the child. "I shall say nothing to grandpapa."

"Ralph! Ralph!" cried Mr. Hatherleigh again. "Where the deuce is the boy gone?"

"Here we are, sir!" exclaimed Byles with cheerful humility. "I am so sorry, sir, to have kept you waiting; but Master Hatherleigh was so uncommon pleased looking at the gunleaps, and the ferrets, that he couldn't tear himself away when he heard you calling. You are not angry, I hope, sir?"

"Another time, Ralph, you'll obey me instantly," said Mr. Hatherleigh.

"Dear me! of course he will, sir—won't you, Master Hatherleigh? May I lift the little gentleman on his pony, sir? There! he'll make a fine bold rider and hunter one of these days—like his grandfather."

And Byles twisted his face into an expression

of intense admiration, and smiled and sniffed as if he considered himself some lower animal, whose flesh and blood were of quite an inferior sort to the patrician clay he was contemplating.

"Thank you," said the squire, as Ephraim's officious fingers adjusted the reins, and held the stirrup meekly, as the boy settled himself in his saddle. "You are to have your squirrel, Ralph. Good-evening, Mr. Byles."

The squire spoke but roughly, for he was chafed by Job's saucy mention of that black poacher, Hartrow; nevertheless, Ephraim accepted his salutation as a beggar might a jewel flung by a king's hand, taking it up, as it were, with servile gratitude, though it be fallen in the mud; and then, with a sly gleam in his narrow eyes, he watched the pair ride away.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

ROSA BONHEUR has bought a menagerie. SERRANO, the Spanish Regent, is a slave to opium.

DUMAS tries to live comfortably on \$1,000 a week—and can't.

A MONUMENT to King Pedro IV. was inaugurated at Lisbon recently.

ABBE PEYRON, the celebrated Coptic scholar, has died at Turin, in his eighty-fifth year.

PROFESSOR HENRY, the American savan, is going to Europe in quest of science and health.

THE Emperor of Austria is said to be utterly despondent as to the future of his dynasty.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT is to deliver the prizes to the Annapolis Naval Academy graduating class.

THE model of the equestrian statue of General Lyon, has been placed on exhibition in St. Louis.

THE Empress of Russia has a special passion for roses, and her conservatories are full of them.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT has been re-elected President of the Military Order of the United States.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley, preacher, essayist, and novelist, has been appointed Dean of Rochester.

THE Duke of Beaufort has a sweet disposition. He has eaten a pound of sugar a day for forty years.

GENERAL KILPATRICK, our Minister to Chili, has resigned, and is on his way home in very poor health.

JUDGE LYMAN TREMAIN, of Albany, has returned from Europe, with health almost entirely restored.

THE Pope threatens extreme measures against the American Bishops who quit their posts at Rome.

SPURGEON no longer enjoys his £800 per year income America furnished him for his anti-slavery sermons.

JEROME BONAPARTE has been confined for some time in Baltimore, Md., by a cancer in his throat. He is now improving.

BEFORE leaving Paris for London, Mdle. Nilsson received from Napoleon the Third, a group of daisies in diamonds.

GASTON MARCEL, editor of the Republican paper *Rappel*, died in Paris lately, of the prevailing epidemic, small-pox.

MRS. GRANT recently invited thirty-five misses to the White House, to lunch with Nellie, just before an afternoon reception.

THE new palace just finished for the Khedive at Ramleh, near Alexandria, at a cost of \$200,000, has been destroyed by fire.

MADAMEISSEL PUSTOWOJOW, who, during the last Polish insurrection, was Adjutant to General Langiewicz, died lately at Constantinople.

HON. GEORGE TIBBETS, of Troy, has given the Orphan Asylum of that city \$5,000 as a memorial of his deceased daughter, Mrs. John Hobart Warren.

PROFESSOR N. N. NILES, of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire, in place of the late Bishop Chase.

THE Hungarian President of the Ministry, Count Julius Andrássy, has given to the Hungarian dramatic poet, Karl Hugo, an annuity of six hundred florins out of his own purse.

THE prize of five thousand francs given every year in Belgium for the encouragement of Flemish literature, has been awarded to M. Henri Conscience, the novelist.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA is very much concerned about the loss of the famous golden rose which the Pope presented to her some time ago, and which was recently stolen from her.

DR. NEWMAN, of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington, on invitation of Brigham Young, will deliver his sermon on "Polygamy at Salt Lake City," in August.

GOVERNOR RANDOLPH has appointed Dr. John McClean, formerly President of Princeton College, as trustee of the New Jersey State Normal School, vice Judge Field, deceased.

HON. J. B. FRISBIE, of Vallejo, Cal., offers fifty acres of land, and half the value of three hundred acres more, to the Odd Fellows of that State, for a home and college of that Order.

H. H. WALLACE, a well-known and respected member of the press, and for several years past assistant in the Associated Press office in Boston, died recently after a brief illness.

MAJOR MORRIS L. CHESTER, a colored man, formerly of Harrisburg, Penn., but who was educated in Liberia, Africa, was admitted to the English bar on the 30th of April, as a barrister at law.

CAPT. MATTHEW HUNT, the oldest pilot of Boston, died a few days ago, aged seventy-nine years. He was a pilot in the war of 1812, and witnessed the famous engagement between the Chesapeake and the Shannon.

A DECREE of King Victor Emanuel has ordered the formation at Milan of a superior school of agriculture, for the purpose of perfecting the instruction at present given in the technical and special schools for farming, and of forming professors.

QUEEN VICTORIA will offer, in competition to the female artists of all nations, a prize of a thousand francs for the best fan, painted or carved, by a lady under twenty-five years of age, to be exhibited at the International Exhibition of next year.

THE venerable Dr. Sprague, who has resigned the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, N. Y., and has taken up his residence in Flushing, publishes a note regretting his inability to call upon and bid farewell to all his friends. He was connected with that church forty-one years, and is now seventy-five years old.



NEW YORK STATE.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO BARON STEUBEN, A GENERAL IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY SIXTUS CHARLES KAPFF—SEE PAGE 222.

THE COMING MAN.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

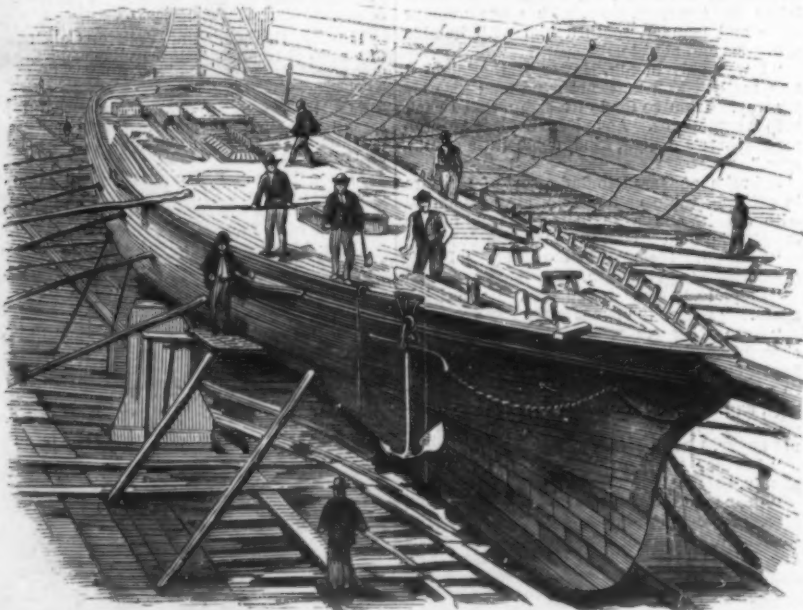
The Chinese have great respect and veneration for the dead, both of present and past generations. In every house in China the ancestral tablets are carefully preserved, and one of the earliest lessons given to a youth is to honor the memory of those who have gone before him. Many houses have private temples, where worship is given before the ancestral shrine, and the old and young make frequent visits to these household altars to offer up their prayers. Every Chinese desires that his bones shall rest with those of his parents, and when he goes to a foreign country he stipulates that, in case he

dies abroad, his body, or at all events his bones, shall be taken home. Probably the love of the Chinese for their native land, is not equaled by any other people, certainly not by any nation of Europe or America. This love is due, in great measure, to the veneration of the Chinese for their ancestors; they do not stop with their parents, but they go back many generations, and it is not unusual to hear a Chinese speak in the most affectionate and familiar way of a member of his family who existed a hundred, or it may be five hundred years ago. One great incentive to good deeds is the knowledge that a meritorious life will reflect credit upon one's predecessors. They will be specially honored if their descendant makes his career notably good, and the spirits of the deceased are supposed to be constantly present to smile upon him with ap-

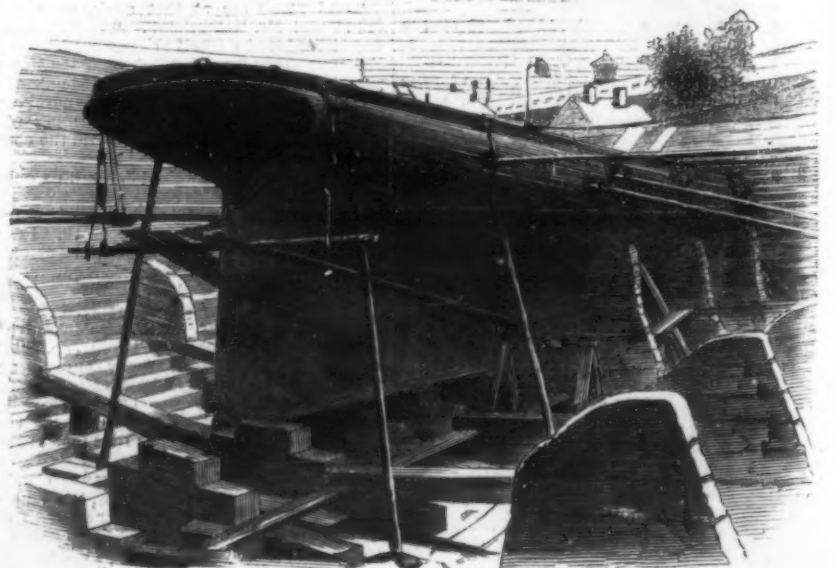
proval. In Europe titles are hereditary, and the rank that a man obtains descends to his children. But, in China, there are certain titles that are hereditary the other way—to use a Hibernicism—and when a man has obtained distinction, the credit goes, not to his children, but to his ancestors. They are honored, and the son is happy on their account quite as much as on his own.

A coffin is about the last thing that an American would think of preparing, but it is one of the first things that a Chinese makes ready after he has reached the meridian of life. Many people make the designs for their coffins, and prepare the inscriptions for them, so that their good deeds will not be overlooked. The coffin is as elaborate as the owner can afford to make it, and he frequently keeps it in the house for

years, where it can be admired by visitors. Wood is very scarce in China, and much of the lumber for the manufacture of coffins comes from Mongolia and the extreme north of the empire. A great deal is imported from California and Oregon, and many a Chinese gentleman is at this day slumbering calmly in a coffin whose material was grown on the American coast of the Pacific Ocean. With the belongings of the dead ever near them, the Chinese have less fear of the end of life than is customary among the people that call themselves more enlightened. They have little dread of death, partly because of their religion, and partly because they know that through it they will join the ancestors for whom they have so deep and abiding love. The commandment "Honor thy father and mother" is much better observed in



FRONT VIEW OF THE YACHT AMERICA AS SHE NOW LIES IN THE DRY-DOCK IN THE GOVERNMENT NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.



STERN VIEW OF THE YACHT AMERICA AS SHE NOW LIES IN THE DRY-DOCK IN THE GOVERNMENT NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.



THE COMING MAN.—SCENE IN THE HALLWAY OF A HOUSE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO—A CHINESE GIRL MAKING AN OFFERING IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

pagan China than in Christian Europe and America.

During a year after the death of a relative, the Chinese make frequent visits to the grave, and deposit articles of food there for the deceased person to eat. Cups of tea and wine are thus left, and so are cakes, meat, and fruit. One of the most frequent offerings is a cooked chicken or duck; sometimes it is cut into pieces, and a pair of chop-sticks is left near it, while on other occasions it is left whole. Many things are thrown into a box at the head of the grave, and if the spirits of the dead do not consume the food, the rats will be sure to do the work for them. The birds that fly around the cemetery are certain of being well fed, and they are generally found there in abundance. The offerings correspond to the means of the giver, and very often a family will go hungry in order that a deceased friend may be properly fed. Many of the people believe that the offerings are eaten by those for whom they are intended; all the Chinese are not thus superstitious, and when questioned about the custom, they say, "Our ancestors did so before us. We cannot do differently, else we should show a lack of reverence." Men and woman alike join in observing the ceremonials due to the dead, and very often the latter are the most constant visitors to the tombs.

No one can enter a Chinese temple, whether public or private, without observing the odor of incense, which is almost constantly burning. Incense is offered on many occasions—at weddings, funerals, consecrations, and in the every-day service that is made in the houses and temples. Religion enters closely into the life of the people; and even the thief, before he plunders a house, or after he has done so, may visit a temple to ask the blessing of heaven. At funerals, great quantities of prayers are burned; and, on ordinary



THE COMING MAN.—SCENE IN A JOSS-HOUSE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO—A CHINESE MERCHANT BURNING PRAYERS THAT HIS VENTURES MAY PROVE FORTUNATE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

occasions, the consumption is very liberal. The prayers are written or printed on red or yellow paper. Sometimes they are burned by the dozen, but the usual way is to attach them to sticks, and place them upon an altar. Another way is to place the prayer on a mural tablet, and burn the paper strips before it. The prayer is supposed to be carried heavenward with the smoke and flame, and the worshiper watches it intently, as he sees it burn and disappear.

The use of fire by the Chinese in the ceremonies of religion is analogous to its use by the adherents of the Catholic Church, and especially of its Eastern branch. Those who contend that Buddhism and Christianity had a common origin, frequently point to this and other points of resemblance in proof of their claim.

THE YACHT AMERICA.

For several weeks past, the Government has been at work upon the famous yacht America, now in the dry dock of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, making extensive alterations, and putting her in thorough sea-going order. The America was built in New York in 1851, for the express purpose of competing with the squadron of the Thames Royal Yacht Club for the championship of the seas, and was the first vessel of her class to cross the ocean. Winning the cup in this race, she at once effected a complete change in the system of yacht building.

Her swiftness and slight draught fitted her peculiarly for contraband traffic, and for some time she was used as a slaver in carrying negroes between the West Indies and the United States. At the breaking out of the civil war, she was transformed into a blockade-runner, and her name was changed to the Wanderer. Having done good service to the Confederacy in this capacity, she was finally sunk on the ap-

proach of the Federal gunboats, and afterward raised by them. As she was still in good condition, she was used for a dispatch-boat until the close of the war, and was then stationed at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, whence she was recently ordered to Brooklyn for repairs.

Her model was, in many respects, directly the opposite of the best established principles of naval architecture at the time she was built, and, though she has been slightly altered, her form is still the same as when she was first launched. Drawing ten feet of water aft, she tapers away forward to about half that draught, and is entirely without gripe. Aft, her keel is about thirty inches deep, diminishing in depth forward, and gradually ascending in a graceful curve into out-water and stem. In size she is much smaller than most of the yachts which are now built. Her tonnage is one hundred and seventy-five tons; extreme length, ninety-four feet; length of keel, eighty-two feet; breadth of beam, twenty-two feet six inches; depth of hold, nine feet. She has twenty-one tons of ballast built and tightly wedged in her sides, and, as she only requires as much more, it can easily be stowed away without taking up all the spare room.

She has experienced so much rough usage above and beneath the water, that it has been found necessary to make the work of repair very strong and extensive. Her masts have been taken out, and are to be replaced by new ones. The copper has all been removed from the bottom, and the keel is being replaced by another and lighter one. The interior arrangements are being but slightly altered. They are all well adapted to secure comfort and convenience. The fore-cabin is twenty-one by eight feet, with fourteen berths (seven on either side), and two staterooms for the captain and mate. The fore-cabin is ventilated by a circular skylight, three feet in diameter. Before the war, her cabins were handsomely furnished and finished; but now they present by no means an elegant appearance. The galley and cook's room are situated between the fore and aft cabins. Her rigging will be the same as before. She is to carry three standing sails, jib foresail, and mainsail, and also a main gaff topsail. Her foremast will be seventy-nine feet six inches; mainmast, eighty-one feet; bowsprit, thirty-two feet, only seventeen of which will be outboard. Although the America has doubtless seen her best days, yet, when again fitted up, she will not have lost all those qualities which have given her a world-wide fame, and certainly deserves a better fate than carrying dispatches for the Navy Yard, or serving as a school-boat for midshipmen.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO BARON STEUBEN.

The foundation-stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of Baron Steuben in the beautiful little wood, which, as the Baron would it, is to be reserved forever as "free soil"—in Steuben County, N. Y., was laid with ceremonies of much interest, on Wednesday, June 1st. This monument forms a tribute of respect of the Steuben Schutzen of New York city, and cost \$3,500.

The grounds in which the remains of Baron Steuben have rested for the last forty-six years, and in which they are to rest for the future, are situated about half a mile northeast of where he spent the closing years of his life. To aid in the erection of a church on the ground presented him by the State of New York, the Baron donated the use of fifty acres, on condition that five acres of it should be set apart, fenced in, and kept in a wild state, as his final resting-place. Since then, no ax nor spade have been permitted to mar the beauty of the spot, until the preparations for this ceremony were commenced.

The monument will be fifteen feet in height, the foundation resting eight feet deep, and the base covering fourteen feet. The body will be of rough stone, cut in the vicinity. The surmounting shaft will be of granite, cut somewhat after the Gothic style, but with a severer simplicity. Upon it will rest a crown of oak leaves—symbolic of the man. Beneath this will be a circle of thirteen stars, representing the States of the Confederation for which Steuben fought. Upon the body of the monument will be cut the old Steuben coat-of-arms, and below this will be placed the old marble slab which served to mark the former resting-place of the Baron. The simple inscription upon this—consisting of name, birth, and date of death—will be the inscription for the new monument. The slab will also serve as a door, from which the inside of the monument will be reached.

The delegation from Utica, N. Y., about 1,000 strong, were met at Remsen by the farmers of the surrounding country, who generously conveyed the visitors to the grounds in Steuben, about four miles distant, and back again, free of charge.

The procession was about two miles long. The number who witnessed the ceremonies was about 5,000. The assemblage was called to order by Governor Seymour. A prayer was made in Welsh by Dr. Robert Everett, the aged pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church in Steuben. A speech was then made by Siptus Carl Kapf, President of New York Steuben Schutzen, giving a history of the movement to erect the monument.

After an eloquent discourse by Ex-Governor Seymour, he proceeded to lay the corner-stone; after which General Franz Sigel made a stirring speech in German. The vocal exercises were conducted by the New York Liederkreis.

Dr. RADZIEWSKI, of Louvain, has discovered a new substance of a waxy nature in straw. This wax is a white solid body, insoluble in water and the caustic alkalies, but easily dissolved in alcohol and in ether.

SILVER PLATED WARE.

The gigantic strides which have been made in some trades in this country within a comparatively short period are astonishing, when we consider the difficulties that have been surmounted. The history of the Meriden Britannia Company is a striking illustration. This company started business twenty-five years since, with a small capital and a few workmen; but energy was at the back of it, and they have gone on building factory after factory, until at present they are the owners of seven, the size of which may be judged, when we state that they cover over six acres of ground, and give employment to some thousand workmen. The goods manufactured by this company have a very large sale, and are known the world over, being superior in quality and finish to anything now in the market, whether American or foreign. We would instance the following articles: Electro plated forks and spoons, which are made by a new process that deposits the silver about three times the usual thickness on the parts most exposed to wear, adding to the durability, and making them good for at least double the ordinary length of wear. The Porcelain-Lined Baking-Dish bakes thoroughly in all parts, and the silver receptacle into which it is placed forms a double wall, by which the heat is retained longer than in any other; it is both stylish and beautiful. The National Coffee-Pot is superior to anything we have ever seen; it makes a cup of coffee that would gladden the heart of a Turk. The Porcelain-Lined Ice Pitchers are the greatest improvement that has been made in this article. Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, to whom it was submitted for analysis, speaks in very strong terms of these linings, such as freedom from odors, extreme cleanliness, and the absence of all injurious materials. The porcelain is put on wrought iron when at a high heat; it has a smooth surface, and is entirely free from everything poisonous; a certificate accompanies each pitcher. Taken altogether, it supplies a want long felt. The salesrooms are at No. 120 Broadway, and manufacturing, at West Meriden, Connecticut.

THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The great event of the musical year will be the Musical Jubilee and Beethoven Festival, to be held during the week commencing June 13th, and ending Saturday the 18th, at the American Institute Coliseum. The most extraordinary combinations have been arranged to give eclat to this grand musical effort of New York, and enormous sums have been expended to secure every artist of eminence within the limits of the United States. We have not space to give their names, but on reference to the advertisement, there will be found the most extraordinary agglomeration of talent ever concentrated at one time.

The chorus is to number over three thousand singers, representing the most important societies, including the famous Handel and Hayden, of Boston, with its conductor, Carl Zerrahn. The orchestra will number nearly six hundred instrumental virtuosos, besides four great regimental bands, and a colossal organ, built by Erben. The programmes include symphonies, overtures, and other grand selections, from the great masters; operatic ensembles, sustained by the best artists; the oratorios, "Messiah," "Creation," and "Elijah," besides many great choruses and chorals, together with those popular features of the anvil and the artillery, which Mr. Gilmore introduced with such marvelous success at the great Jubilee Festival in Boston, last year.

This is a mere sketch of the Programme, the details of which, present many other features of remarkable interest and attraction; but we have said enough to show that this Festival will exceed in magnificent proportions, anything ever before attempted or even dreamed of in New York city. That it will create a profound sensation throughout the country cannot be doubted; it will call in tens of thousands from the surrounding States, and every city, town and village within a circuit of a hundred miles, will be half-emptied to swell the vast crowds, that will throng into the American Institute Coliseum, during the days and evenings of the Festival performances.

We recognize the importance of the occasion; the greatness of the Artistic Combinations presented; the grandeur of the works embraced in the programme, and acknowledge the unquestionable ability of the conductors, into whose charge the several musical departments have been given, and we see no opposing element that can arise to interfere with the perfect success of this magnificent enterprise.

CRYSTAL SPRING CURE.—This elegant Hotel and Cure is situated in Yates County, N. Y., eight miles from Starkey Station, which is about midway between Canandaigua and Elmira, on the Northern Central Railroad. Communication from Starkey with the Springs by every train. This institution, although in its infancy, takes rank among the first in the country, by its waters performing the most miraculous cures of all forms of disease. It has been particularly successful in Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Gravel, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, Scrofula, in all its forms, General Debility, etc. It will positively eradicate Erysipelas in its worst stages, and it also thoroughly cleanses and purifies the blood. The medical properties of this wonderful Spring are invaluable. By the analysis of Professor J. Towler, of the Medical College of Geneva, N. Y., they are found to contain Protoxide of Iron, Iodine, Magnesia, Soda, Lime, and many other valuable medicinal ingredients. Dr. H. S. DIMOCK, a thorough and efficient physician, has the supervision of the medical department; vapor and all kinds of baths given from the medicated spring. The Hotel is situated in a delightful country, abounding in beautiful drives and magnificent rural scenery. In the immediate vicinity are four beautiful Lakes, which afford an abundance of excellent fishing. The house was erected about two years since; has capacity for about three hundred guests; rooms large and airy, new and finely furnished. The table is supplied with the best products of the country, and cannot be surpassed. No pleasanter home for a summer resort for those in health, as well as invalids, can be found. Everything done to conduce to both health and pleasure. Terms very moderate. Full particulars as to terms, references, and testimonials; also route whereby to reach the Springs, and all other information, can be obtained in a circular, which will be sent immediately, upon application to the proprietors, WRIGHT & SMITH, Crystal Spring, Yates Co., N. Y.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—We call the particular attention of our army of readers to the card, in another column, of the Government Security Life In-

urance Company, of New York, and consider our duty without enjoining upon all heads of families the paramount duty, at once of securing to those dependent upon them a timely provision through the blessed instrumentality of life insurance. The time will come when all who are induced to do so will be more than thankful for it. Scripture saith: "But if any provide not for his own, especially they of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." And how can this provision be better accomplished than by an insurance upon your life in a good life insurance company? and where can security be had better than in the Government Security Life Insurance Company, who register all their policies, and make special deposits of Government bonds, or bonds and mortgages, with the State of New York, for the safety of policy-holders? Take our advice, and remember delays, are dangerous.

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There are at present in Paris 4,730 coffee-house establishments, of which there are twenty confined exclusively to making ices, sherbets, puffs, etc., for balls and parties. There are, besides, 64 concert-saloons. The coffee-houses proper employ from eight to ten thousand persons, and their gross receipts amount to 120,000,000 francs a year. The favorite quarters of these establishments are the Halles, Palais Royal, Porte Saint Martin, Madeleine a la Bastille—in which latter there are 142—and the Strasbourg. All the best coffee-houses are situated at La Villette. In a majority of the coffee-houses the salary of the waiters is paid by the *habitués*, by means of what is called the *pourboire*. The amount of *pourboires* given in the 4,730 coffee-houses of Paris is computed at five million francs a year.

Every revolution that has occurred since 1787 has taken place during the reigns of Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was decapitated during the reign of Pius VI.; Napoleon constituted himself Emperor during that of Pius VII.; and the two revolutions of the French Empire took place under the same Pope; Charles X. was deposed under Pius VIII.; and lastly, Louis Philippe lost his crown under the present Pope, Pius IX.

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MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1870.

SYMPHONY IN C MINOR.....Beethoven
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SELECTED INSTRUMENTALISTS.ARIA AH PERFIDO.....Beethoven
GRAND CHORALE.....Mendelssohn
QUARTETTE FIDELIO.....Beethoven
BY THE GRAND CHOIR OF ARTISTS.OVERTURE IN E MAJOR—FIDELIO.....Beethoven
CONCERTO VIOLIN (part first).....Beethoven
GRAND CHORUS—HALLELUJAH.....Handel

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 14.

Selections from the Second Symphony.....Beethoven
THE GRAND CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.
"Thanks Be To God".....Mendelssohn
Trovatore.....Verdi
Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Howard Paul, Signor P. Brignoli, Signor Petrilli.TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer
"Achieved is the Glorious Work".....Haydn
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Grand Chorus, "HALLELUJAH".....Handel

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 14.

The Third Symphony.....Beethoven
Haydn's Oration, "THE CREATION."
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WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 15,

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 15.

The Fifth Symphony—Beethoven. Mendelssohn's Grand Oration, Elijah. Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Nettie Sterling, Mr. Wm. Castle, Mr. W. W. Whitney, and the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 16.

Great Beethoven Matinée. Selections from Mount of Olives, Fidelio, and the Ninth Symphony.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 16.

Part I.—Selections from the First Symphony, Beethoven. Rienzi Overture, Wagner. Grand Quintet and Finale, Martha, Von Flotow. By all the vocal artists.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 18.

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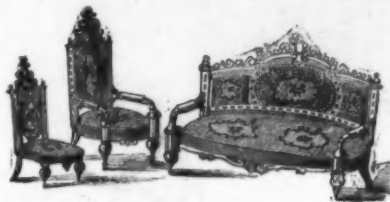
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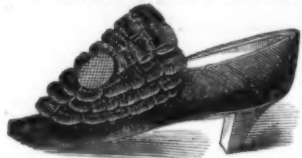


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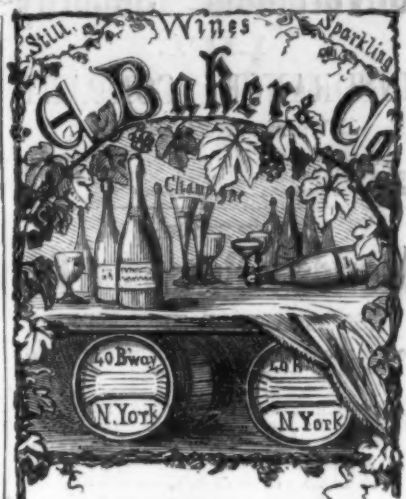
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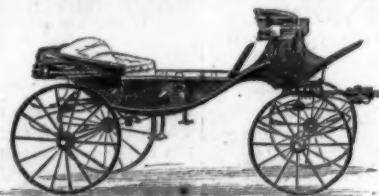
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